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REVIVAL HYMNS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

REV. J. McD. KERR

FOR

EVANGELISTIC WORK

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS

WESLEY BUILDINGS

MONTREAL: C. W. COATES.

HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS.

1889

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1889.

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Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eight⁹ nine, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

PREFACE.

REVIVAL HYMNS contains a collection of one hundred Choice Hymns, so carefully selected and arranged for evangelistic work that the cutting out of one piece would be a serious loss. It is not the design of the compiler to supplant other books, but to fill up a gap between the regular Church and Sabbath School Songs, aiming at the "Higher Spiritual" Life of the Church and the conversion of sinners. Most of the hymns are Copyrighted, and cannot be used without permission.

J. McD. KERR.

N.B.—Permission of authors has been secured as far as possible.

REVIVAL HYMNS.

1

THE CLEAN HEART.

CHARLES WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God A heart from sin set free; A
2. A heart resigned, sub-missive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne, Where
3. A humble, low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean; Which
4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine; Per-

heart that al-ways feels Thy blood So free-ly spilt for me!
on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
nei-ther li'e nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine!

CHORUS.

O Saviour, cleanse me in the foun-tain That flows from Calv'ry's sacred

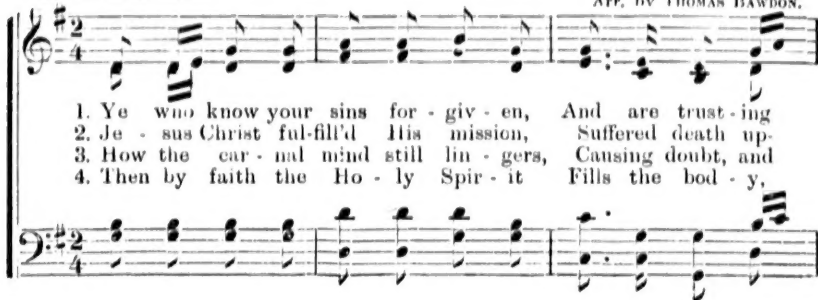
mountain; Oh, let Thy precious blood my soul o'erflow, And wash me white as snow.

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THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

REV. J. McD. KERR.

Arr. by THOMAS BAWDON.



1. Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are trust - ing
 2. Je - sus Christ ful - fill'd His mission, Suffered death up -
 3. How the car - nal mind still lin - gers, Causing doubt, and
 4. Then by faith the Ho - ly Spir - it Fills the bod - y,



in the Lord, Con - se - crate your all to Je - sus,
 on the cross To re - new our fall - en na - ture,
 fear, and shame, Till we're cru - ci - fied with Je - sus,
 fills the soul, Teach - es, guides, up - holds and comforts

D.S.—Enc - ti - fy, and make you ho - ly;

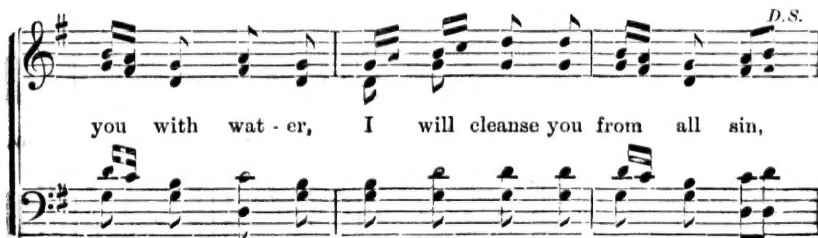
Fine. CHORUS.



Lis - ten to His precious word.
 And re - store what Ad - am lost. I will sprinkle
 Pu - ri - fied from ev - 'ry stain.
 Those whom He has thus made whole.

I will come and dwell with - in.

D.S.



you with wat - er, I will cleanse you from all sin,

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, by Rev. J. McD. KERR, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

FILL ME NOW.

REV. E. H. STORES, D.D.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

1. Ho - ver o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness; At Thy sa - cred
 4. Cleanse and com - fort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my

heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallowed pres - ence;
 tell Thee how; But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee;
 feet I bow; Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it,
 heart and brow; Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing,

D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed pres - ence;

Fine. REFRAIN.
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Come, oh, come and fill me now. Fill me now,
 Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

By permission, J. R. S.

THIS YEAR FOR JESUS.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE

1. Come one and all, this year for Je - sus, We con - se - crate our -
 2. Come one and all, the Mas - ter ca - eth, Are we not pledged to
 3. Come one and all, the time is fleeting, With gi - ant arm de -

selves a - new, With heart - y zeal and daunt - less cour - age
 Him a - lone, If faith be strong and love be fer - vent
 fend the right, To make this year a glo - rious tri - umph

D.S.—We'll gath - er souls for life e - ter - nal,

Fine. REFRAIN.
 Our heavenward course with joy pursue.
 O let their power this year be known. "This year for Je - sus," shall
 Let Christians all as one u - nite.

Like stars to shine for - ev - er there.

D. C.
 be our watchword, This year for Je - sus the cross we'll bear.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

REV. J. N. WILSON.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

W. H. DOANE

erate our
pledged to
arm de-

cour - age
fer - vent
tri - umph

ter - nal,

e - sus," shall

es we'll bear.


F



1. { While we bow in Thy name, oh, meet us a -
2. { May the Spir - it of grace and the smiles of Thy
3. { Our souls long for Thee, oh, may we now
And feel as it rolls in pow'r o'er our
Thou art with us, we know; we feel the sweet
We are wash'd from our sin, made all ho - ly with-

D.S.—light streaming down makes the pathway all


Fine.



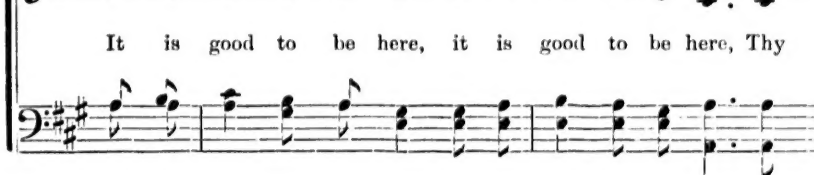
gain, Fill our hearts with the light of Thy love; }
face Gent - ly fail on us now from a - bove. }
see A sin - cleans - ing blood wave ap - pear; }
souls, It is good for us, Lord, to be here }
flow Of the sin - cleansing wave's gladd'ning tide; }
in, And in Je - sus we sweet - ly a - bide }

clear, It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

REFRAIN.



It is good to be here, it is good to be here, Thy



D.S.



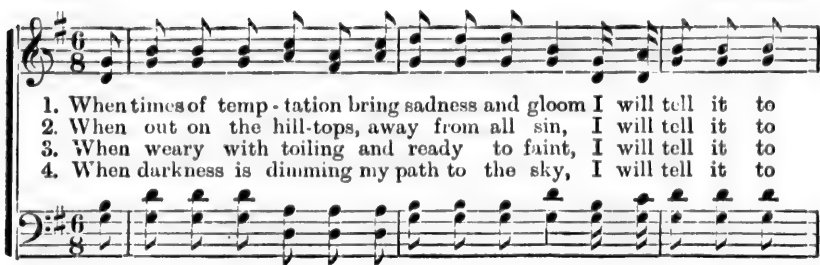
per - fect love now drives a - way all our fear, And



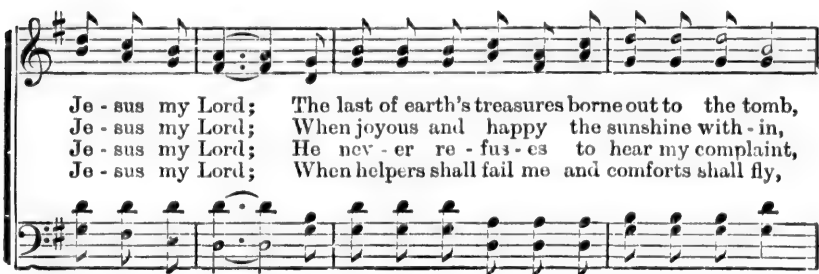
I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITT.



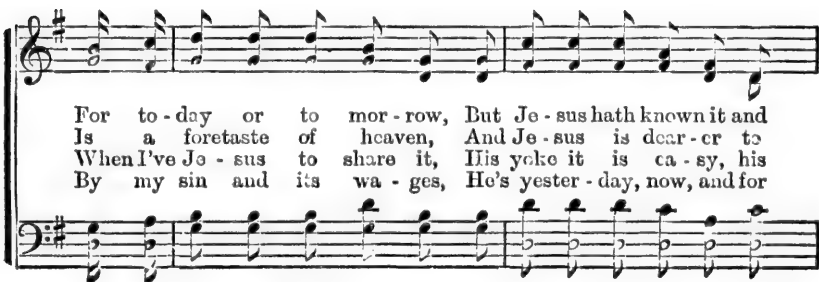
1. When times of temp - tation bring sadness and gloom I will tell it to
 2. When out on the hill-tops, away from all sin, I will tell it to
 3. When weary with toiling and ready to faint, I will tell it to
 4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to



Je - sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb,
 Je - sus my Lord; When joyous and happy the sunshine with - in,
 Je - sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fu - ses to hear my complaint,
 Je - sus my Lord; When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly,



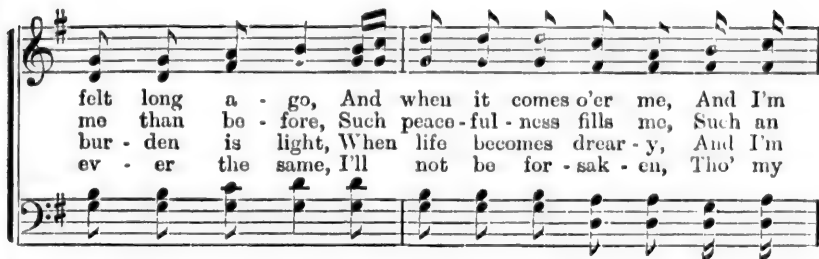
I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. This earth hath no sorrow
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. I'll cheerful - ly bear it,
 I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord. Though blurred my life's pages



For to - day or to mor - row, But Je - sus hath known it and
 Is a foretaste of heaven, And Je - sus is dear - er to
 When I've Je - sus to share it, His yoke it is ca - sy, his
 By my sin and its wa - ges, He's yester - day, now, and for

I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS—*Concluded.*

M. WHITT.



felt long a - go, And when it comes o'er me, And I'm
me than be - fore, Such peace - ful - ness fills me, Such an
bur - den is light, When life becomes drear - y, And I'm
ev - er the same, I'll not be for - sak - en, Tho' my



tempted so sore - ly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
ec - sta - sy thrills me, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
footsore and weary, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
life should be taken, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.

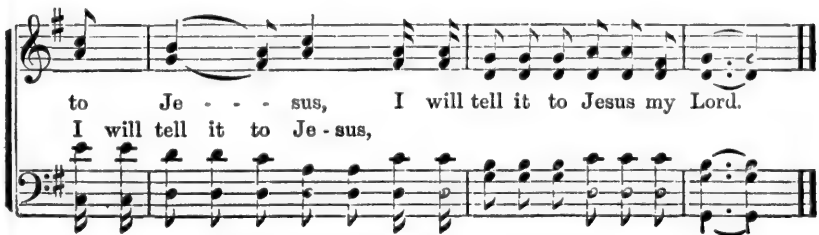
CHORUS.



I will tell it to Je - sus, to
I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, I will



Je - - sus my Lord, . . . I will tell . . . it
tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je - sus



to Je - - - sus, I will tell it to Jesus my Lord.
I will tell it to Je - sus,

From "Songs of Calvary." By permission.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LOHMEYER

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving ov - er joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anxious what shall be to - morrow?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.
 Tell it to Je - sus a lone. Tell it to Je - sus,

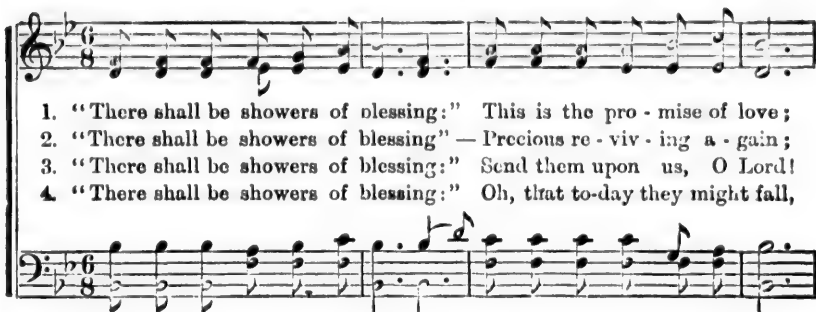
Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend well known: You have no other

such a friend and broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

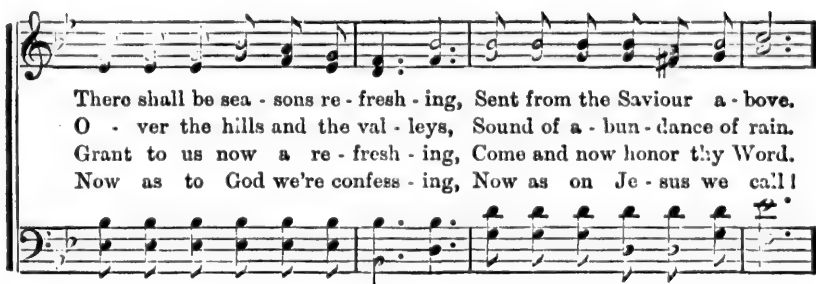
8 "THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING."

E. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. Arr. by J. McD. K.



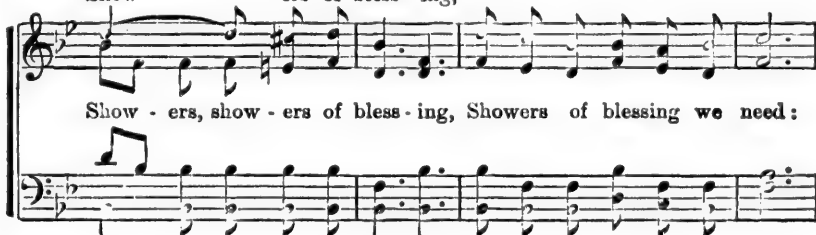
1. "There shall be showers of blessing:" This is the pro-mise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing" — Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Send them upon us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Saviour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come and now honor thy Word.
Now as to God we're confess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - - ers of bless-ing,



Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Showers of blessing we need:



Mercy drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

9 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSTON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2. Oh, sometimes how lon seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, some-times how they sweep Like tempests down ov-er my soul!
 But tail-ing in life's dus-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet
 Or clum-bing the moun-tain-way steep, Or walk-ing the sha-dow-y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the
 let me fly,

Rock that is high-er than I: Oh, then to the Rock let me
 is high-er than I,

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeem'd, and so happy in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
 3. I think of my blessed Redeem-er, I think of him all the day long;
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty, The King in whose law I de-light;
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' his infinite mer-cy, His child and forev-er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

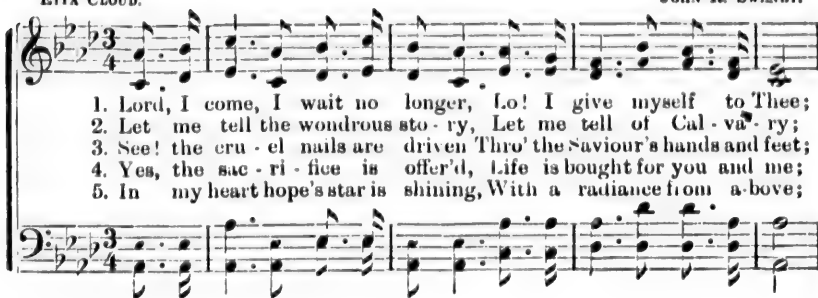
Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 Redeem'd, Redeem'

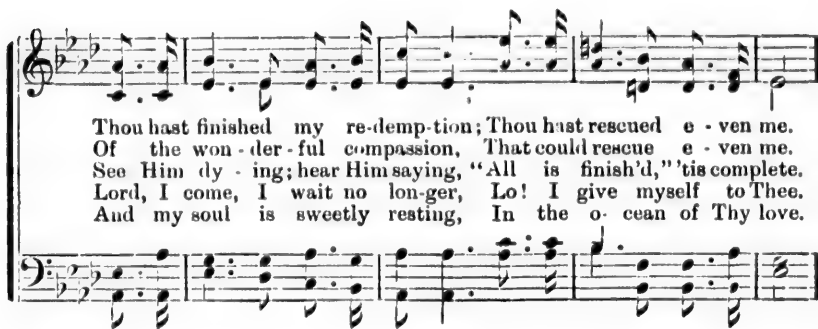
THE LOVE THAT RESCUED ME.

ETTA CLOUD.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

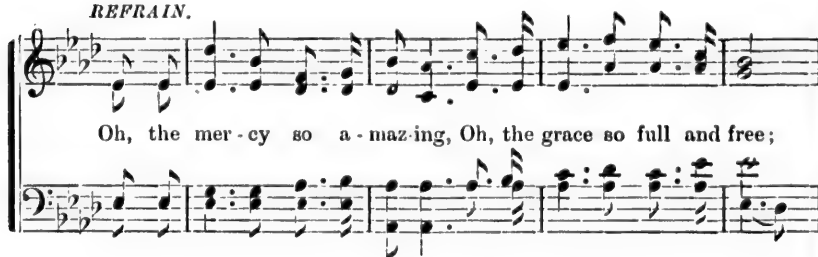


1. Lord, I come, I wait no longer, Lo! I give myself to Thee;
 2. Let me tell the wondrous story, Let me tell of Cal-vary;
 3. See! the cru-el nails are driven Thro' the Saviour's hands and feet;
 4. Yes, the sac-ri-fice is offer'd, Life is bought for you and me;
 5. In my heart hope's star is shining, With a radiance from a-bove;

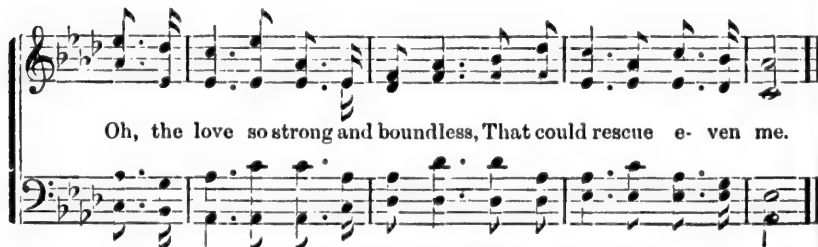


Thou hast finished my re-demp-tion; Thou hast rescued e-ven me.
 Of the won-der-ful compassion, That could rescue e-ven me.
 See Him dy-ing; hear Him saying, "All is finish'd," 'tis complete.
 Lord, I come, I wait no lon-ger, Lo! I give myself to Thee.
 And my soul is sweetly resting, In the o-cean of Thy love.

REFRAIN.



Oh, the mer-cy so a-maz-ing, Oh, the grace so full and free;



Oh, the love so strong and boundless, That could rescue e-ven me.

to Thee;
-va-ry;
sand feet;
and me;
a-bove;

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to others show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will discern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;

-ven me.
-ven me.
s complete.
f to Thee.
f Thy love.

More of His sav - ing fulness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Show ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing his voice in ev - ry line, Making each faithful say - ing in me.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

and free;

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

-ven me.

More of His saving fulness see; More of His love, who died for me.

FLORA L. BEST.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my refuge and my
 2. Long my heart hath heard Thee calling, But I thrust a - side Thy
 3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweet - ly

plea; Matchless is Thy lov - ing - kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
 grace; Yet, oh, boundless condescen - sion, Love is shin - ing from Thy face.
 in; Saviour, let Thy balm of healing Ev - er keep me free from sin.

REFRAIN.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my

soul: For I've touch'd the hem of His garment, And His pow'r doth make me whole.

By permission.

MISS CLARA TRARR.

R. E. HUDSON.

N. R. SWENNY.

go and my
side Thy
y, sweet-ly

oop'd to me.
om Thy face,
ee from sin.

y in my

ake me whole.

1. A-l my life long I had panted For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feed-ing on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would sat-is-fy;
4. Well of wa-ter ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and free,

That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt within.
Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On-ly mock-ed my soul's sad cry.
Un-told wealth that never fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found Him Whom my soul so long has craved!

Je-sus sat-is-fies my longings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, I at Thy blood, O my
 3. Oh, that beautiful ci - ty, With its mansions of light, With its glorified

heaven, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
 Saviour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is written In bright
 be - ings, In pure garments of white, Where no e - vil thing cometh To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
 letters that g'ow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching! Is my name written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name writ ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

J. C. MORGAN.

G. C. STERRING.

MR. M. DAVIS.

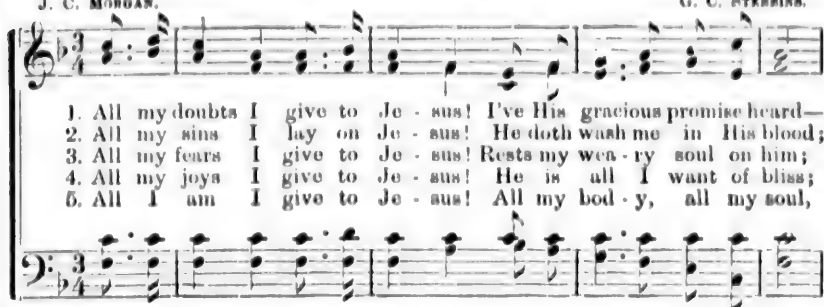
make sure of
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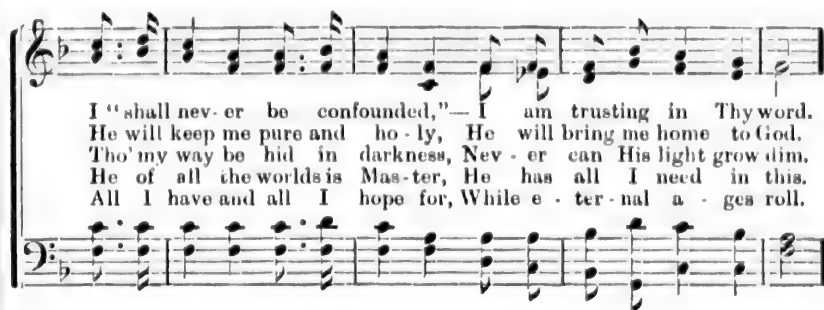
written there?
em like snow."
written there?

and fair?

tten there?



1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus! I've His gracious promise heard—
2. All my sins I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood;
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on him;
4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss;
5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod - y, all my soul,



I "shall nev - er be confounded,"—I am trusting in Thy word.
He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.
He of all the worlds is Mas - ter, He has all I need in this.
All I have and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.



I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word;



I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweet - ly trusting in His word.

1. My hope has found an an - chor, A sure a - bid - ing home,
 2. I bless Thy word that taught me My lost es - tate to see;
 3. 'Tis well where'er Thou lead - est, For Thou art with me still;

Up - on the Rock of A - ges, Where storms can nev - er come;
 And since the hap - py mo - ment I gave 'ny all to Thee,
 'Tis well whate'er Thou do - est, Be - cause my Saviour's will;

And though I hear the tu - mult Of o - cean sur - ges swell,
 The way I thought so drea - ry, With light and beau - ty glows,
 And where my hope has anchored, There faith and love shall dwell;

Fine.
 My soul is calm and peaceful—'Tis well with me, 'tis well.
 And all a - long its windings, A cool - ing fountain flows.
 And what - so - e'er be - fall me, I'll an - swer, Lord, 'tis well.

D.S.—this my thankful heart can say, 'Tis well with me, 'tis well.

REFRAIN.

D.S.
 O Thou whose blood has cleans'd me, My joy I can not tell, But

18 HIS GRACE IS ABUNDANT AND FREE.

JOSEPH GILL.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

J. SWENEY.

ing home,
to see;
me still;

er come;
to Thee,
our's will;

gess well,
- ty glows,
shall dwell;

'tis well.
tain flows,
d, 'tis well.

'tis well.

D.S.

t tell, But

1 Jesus saves me and keeps me from sin, By the blood that He shed on the
2 It is blessed His presence to feel, And His faithful disci - ple to
3 In His care I am hap - py and blest, And His perfect peace flows unto
4 When we meet the Sav - iour we meet, When the King in His beauty we

tree; thro' His Spir - it and Word I am clean, For His grace is a -
be; For His love He delights to re - veal, And His grace is a -
me, And my spir - it is al ways at rest, For His grace is a -
see, We'll confess as we fall at His feet, That His grace is a -

CHORUS.

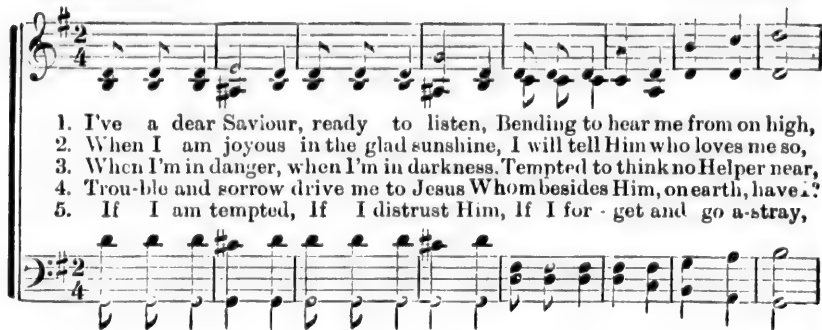
Yes, I know grace is free, For it
bun - dant and free. Yes, I know, grace is free,
bun - dant and free. *Second Chorus.*
bun - dant and free. I be - lieve Je - sus saves, And His
bun - dant and free. I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

cleanses and saves ev - en me; Yes, I know
blood washes whit - er than snow; e - ven me; Yes, I know, grace is free,
whit - er than snow; I be - lieve
whit - er than snow; I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

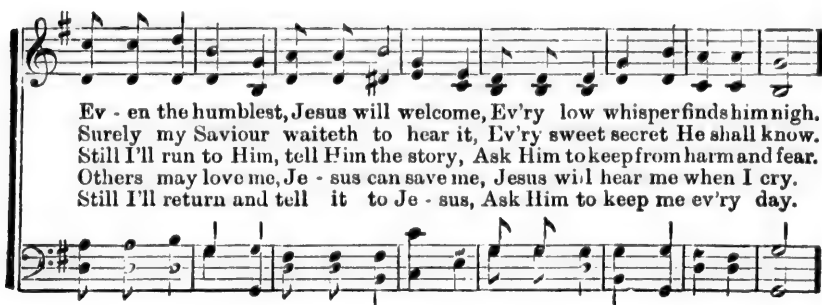
grace is free, For it cleanses and saves e - ven me.
Yes, I know, grace is free,
Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

LUCY J. RIDER.



1. I've a dear Saviour, ready to listen, Bending to hear me from on high,
 2. When I am joyous in the glad sunshine, I will tell Him who loves me so,
 3. When I'm in danger, when I'm in darkness. Tempted to think no Helper near,
 4. Trouble and sorrow drive me to Jesus Whom besides Him, on earth, have I?
 5. If I am tempted, If I distrust Him, If I for - get and go a-stray,

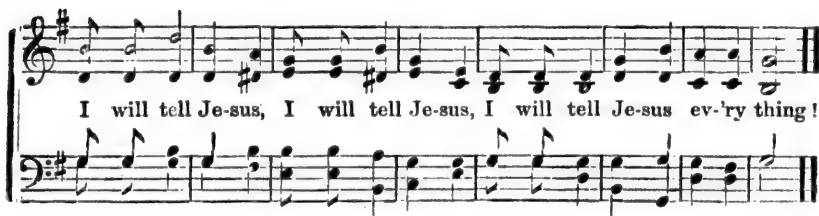


Ev - en the humblest, Jesus will welcome, Ev'ry low whisper finds him nigh.
 Surely my Saviour waiteth to hear it, Ev'ry sweet secret He shall know.
 Still I'll run to Him, tell Him the story, Ask Him to keep from harm and fear.
 Others may love me, Je - sus can save me, Jesus will hear me when I cry.
 Still I'll return and tell it to Je - sus, Ask Him to keep me ev'ry day.

CHORUS.



I will tell Je - sus, I will tell Je - sus, He is my friend, my Saviour, King,



I will tell Je - sus, I will tell Je - sus, I will tell Je - sus ev - 'ry thing!

CY J. RIDER.

MARY D. JAMES.

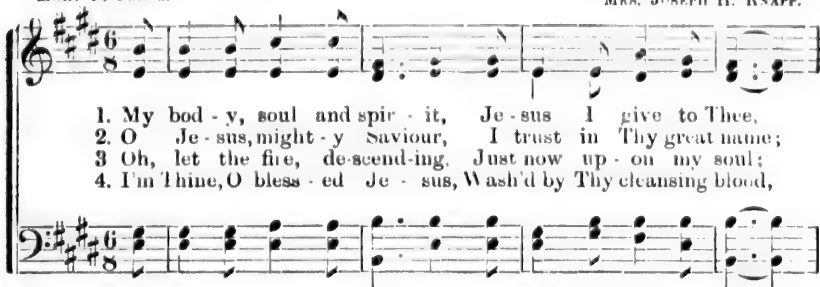
MRS. JOSEPH H. KNAPP.

from on high,
loves me so,
Helper near,
earth, have I?
go a-stray,

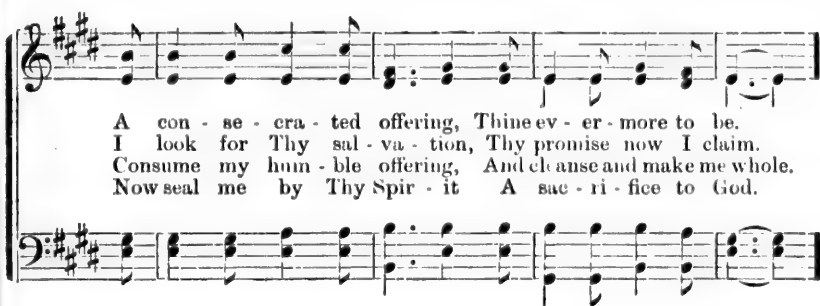
nd him nigh.
e shall know.
ar and fear.
when I cry.
ev'ry day.

aviour, King,

ev'ry thing!




1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus I give to Thee,
2. O Je - sus, might - y Saviour, I trust in Thy great name;
3. Oh, let the fire, de - scend - ing. Just now up - on my soul;
4. I'm Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood,



A con - se - cra - ted offering, Thine ev - er - more to be.
I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.
Consume my hum - ble offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Now seal me by Thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.

CHORUS.



My all is on the al - tar, I'm waiting for the fire;



rit.
Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm - waiting for the fire.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. J. F. KAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect delight, Vis-ions of rap-ture burst
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 on my sight; An-gels descending, bring from a-bove, Echoes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with his

CHORUS.

Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 goodness, lost in His love.

song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

J. F. KWAPP.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

pretaste of
up-ture burst
av-iour am

Born of His
Echoes of
Fill'd with his

this is my

my sto-ry,

e day long.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - so - crated, Lord to thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no long - er mine;

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Always—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.

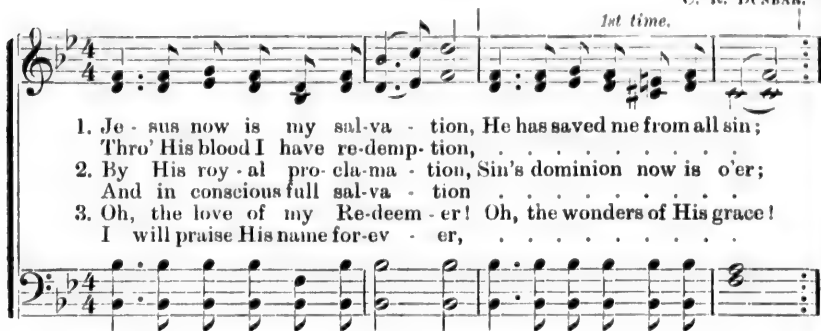
CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
the precious blood, } Lord, I give to thee my
Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood,
the healing flood, }

life and all to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

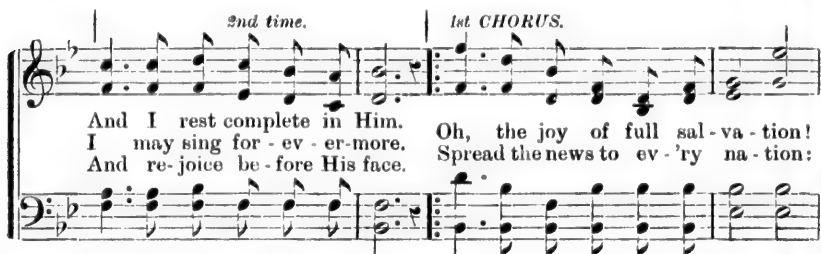
By permission.

1st time.




1. Je - sus now is my sal - va - tion, He has saved me from all sin;
 Thro' His blood I have re - demp - tion,
 2. By His roy - al pro - cla - ma - tion, Sin's dominion now is o'er;
 And in conscious full sal - va - tion
 3. Oh, the love of my Re - deem - er! Oh, the wonders of His grace!
 I will praise His name for - ev - er,

2nd time. *1st CHORUS.*



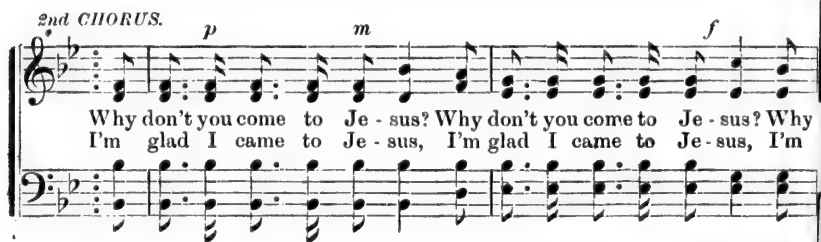
And I rest complete in Him. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion!
 I may sing for - ev - er - more. Spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion:
 And re - joice be - fore His face.

1st time. *2nd time.*



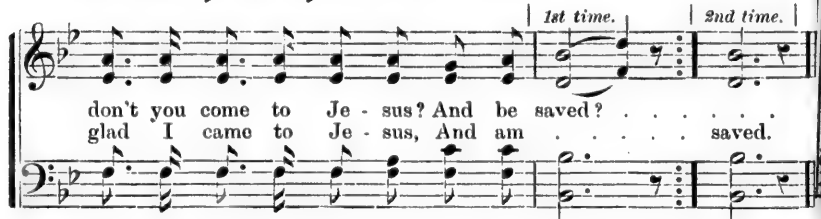
How it thrills my in - most soul! Je - sus' blood has made me whole.

2nd CHORUS. *p* *m* *f*



Why don't you come to Je - sus? Why don't you come to Je - sus? Why
 I'm glad I came to Je - sus, I'm glad I came to Je - sus, I'm

1st time. *2nd time.*

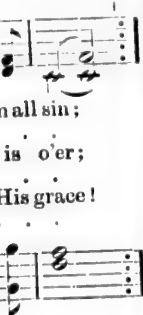


don't you come to Je - sus? And be saved?
 glad I came to Je - sus, And am saved.

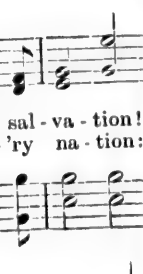
ALL FOR JESUS!

MARY D. JAMES.

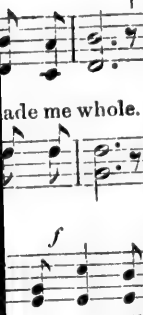
ASA HULL. Arr. by THOS. BAWDON, for Revival Hymns.



1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be ing's ransom'd pow'rs;
 2. Let my hands perform His bidding; Let my feet run in His ways;
 3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gild-ed toys of dust,
 4. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all beside,—
 5. Oh, what wonder! how a - maz-ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings,

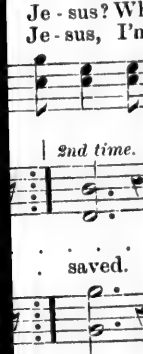


All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
 Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly; Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure: On - ly Je - sus will I trust.
 So enchained my spir - it's vis - ion, Looking at the cru - ci - fied.
 Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath His wings.



CHORUS.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 On - ly Je - sus! on - ly Je - sus! On - ly Je - sus will I trust.
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All for Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings.

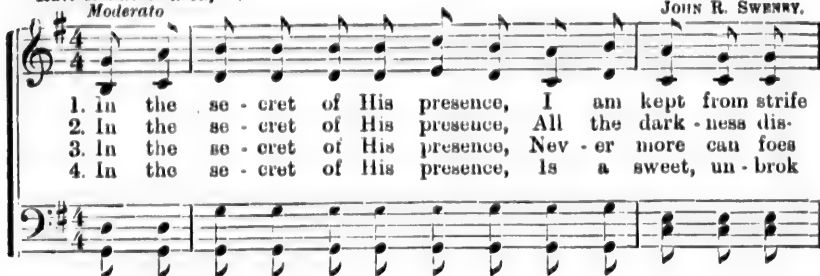


2nd time.

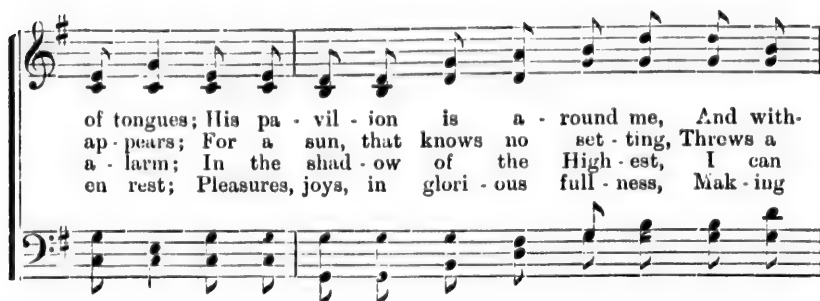
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 On - ly Je - sus! on - ly Je - sus! On - ly Je - sus will I trust.
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All for Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings.

REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.
Moderato

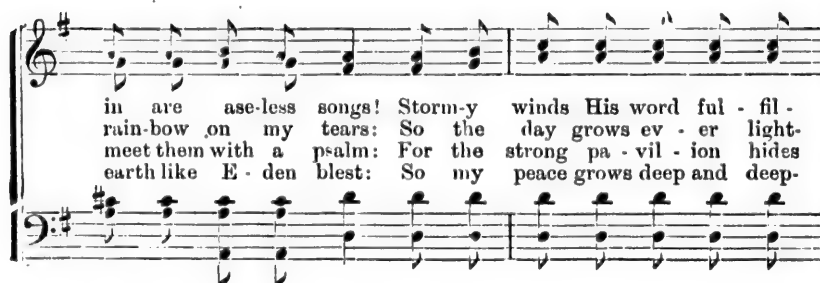
JOHN R. SWENNY.



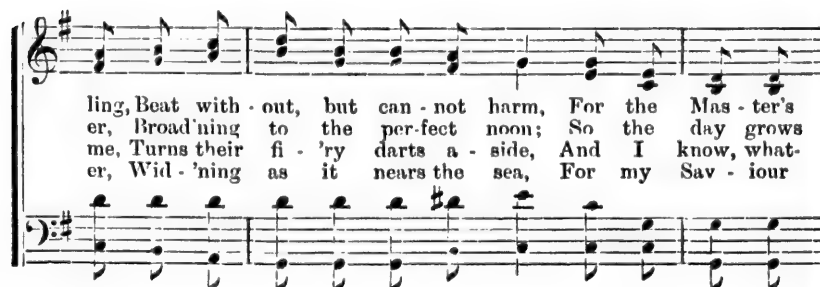
1. in the se - cret of His presence, I am kept from strife
 2. In the se - cret of His presence, All the dark - ness dis -
 3. In the se - cret of His presence, Nev - er more can foes
 4. In the se - cret of His presence, Is a sweet, un - brok



of tongues; His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with -
 ap - pears; For a sun, that knows no set - ting, Throws a
 a - larm; In the shad - ow of the High - est, I can
 en rest; Pleasures, joys, in glori - ous full - ness, Mak - ing



in are ase-less songs! Storm-y winds His word ful - fil -
 rain-bow on my tears: So the day grows ev - er light -
 meet them with a psalm: For the strong pa - vil - ion hides
 earth like E - den blest: So my peace grows deep and deep -



ling, Beat with - out, but can - not harm, For the Mas - ter's
 er, Broad'ning to the per - fect noon; So the day grows
 me, Turns their fi - 'ry darts a - side, And I know, what -
 er, Wid - 'ning as it nears the sea, For my Sav - iour

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.—*Concluded.*

L. SWENNY.

from strife
less dis-
an foes
un-brok

voice is still - ing Storm and temp - est to a calm.
ev - er bright - er, Heav'n is com - ing, near and soon,
e'er be - tides me, I shall live be - cause He died!
is my Keep - er, Keep - ing mine, and keep - ing me!

CHORUS.

and with-
rows a
I can
mak - ing

In the se In the se - cret of His presence, Je - sus
In the se - cret of His presence,

ful - fil -
er light-
on hides
and deep-

keeps, Je - sus keeps, I know not how;
Je - sus keeps, I know not how; I know not how;

Mas - ter's
day grows
now, what-
av - iour

In the shad - - - - - ow of the
In the shad - ow of the high - est, In the

high - est, . . .

shad - ow of the highest, I am rest - ing, hid - ing now.

MARTIN PAYNE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus saves me, this I know, Underneath the crimson flow;
 2. Sin - ful tho' my nature be, Je - sus died to set me free;
 3. Failures, Je - sus nev - er knew; What He promis'd He can do;
 4. In the twinkling of an eye, Je - sus' blood can sanc - ti - fy;

He has wash'd a - way my sin, Made me white and pure within.
 Died, that sin might be destroy'd, Died, that love might fill the void.
 And the al - tar sanc - ti - fies Me, a liv - ing sac - ri - fice.
 Trusting - ly my all I give, Per - fect cleansing I receive.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus saves me, Yes, Je - sus saves me,

Yes, Je - sus saves me, And cleanses me from sin.

KIRKPATRICK.

son flow;
me free;
can do;
ti - fy;

1. Once I tho't I walked with Jesus, Yet such changeful feelings had;
2. But He called me closer to Him, Bade my doubting, fearing cease;
3. Now I'm trusting ev'ry moment, Nothing less can be e - nough:

re within.
l the void.
c - ri - fice.
receive.

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.
And when I had ful-ly yielded, Fill'd my soul with perfect peace.
And the Saviour bears me gently O'er those places once so rough.

CHORUS.

s me,

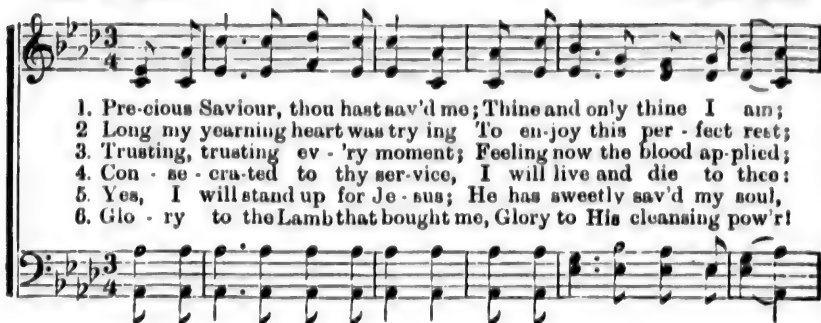
Oh, the peace the Saviour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be - fore:

m sin.

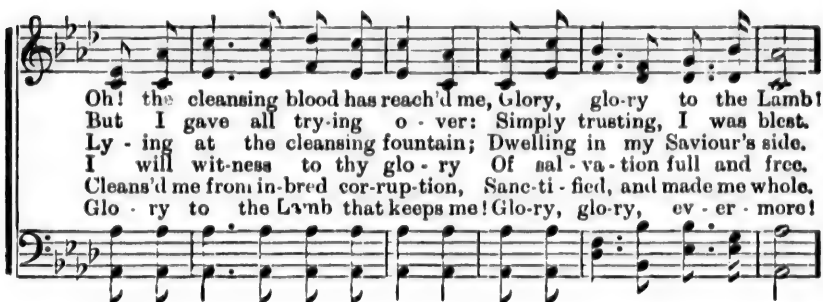
And my way has brighter grown, Since I've learned to trust Him more.

LOUIS M. ROUSE.

MISS DORA BOGLE.



1. Pre-cious Saviour, thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only thine I am;
 2 Long my yearning heart was try ing To en-joy this per-fect rest;
 3. Trusting, trusting ev-ry moment; Feeling now the blood ap-plied;
 4. Con-se-cra-ted to thy ser-vice, I will live and die to thee;
 5. Yes, I will stand up for Je-sus; He has sweetly sav'd my soul,
 6. Glo-ry to the Lamb that bought me, Glory to His cleansing pow'r!

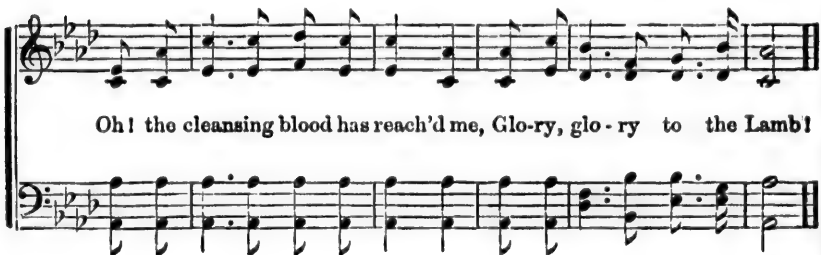


Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glory, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 But I gave all try-ing o-ver: Simply trusting, I was blest.
 Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
 I will wit-ness to thy glo-ry Of sal-va-tion full and free.
 Cleans'd me from in-bred cor-rupt-ion, Sanc-ti-fied, and made me whole.
 Glo-ry to the Lamb that keeps me! Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev-er-more!

CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!



Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. PIERCE PALMER.

MRS. J. KNAPP.

DORA BOOLE.

I am;
ect rest;
p-plied;
to thee;
ny soul,
g pow'r!

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je-
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speaking blood; It
3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin, With
4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heaven below, To feel the blood applied; And

the Lamb!
was blest.
our's side.
and free.
le me whole.
- er - more!

sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
speaks! pol - lu - ted na - ture dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood,
heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
Jo - sus, on - ly Je - sus, know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

the Lamb!

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me! Oh,

the Lamb!

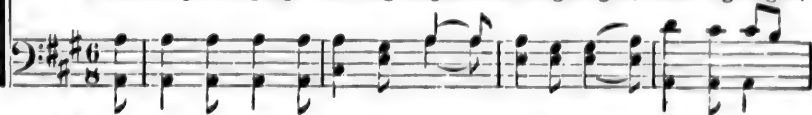
praise the Lord it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me! yes, cleanseth me!

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

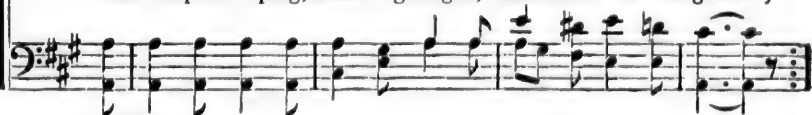
T. C. O'KANE.



1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoic'd to see, rejoic'd to see, rejoic'd to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,
3. { Thoudying Lamb, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God, Church of God, Church of God,
4. { E'er since, by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I saw the stream,
Redeeming love has been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme,
5. { Then in a nobler, sweeter song, sweeter song, sweeter song,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue, stam'ring tongue, stam'ring tongue,



There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
The dy-ing thief rejoic'd to see That foun-tain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
E'er since, by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue, Lies si-lent in the grave.



CHORUS.



Oh, glo-ri-ous foun-tain! Here will I stay,



And in Thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.



T. C. O'KANE.

with blood,
 bath that flood,
 d to see,
 le as he,
 precious blood,
 ech of God,
 w the stream,
 een my theme,
 veeter song,
 n'ringtongue,

l's veins,
 stains.
 s day,
 way.
 power,
 more.
 supply,
 die.
 o save;
 ne grave.

stay,

way.



1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - vation! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free
2. How a - maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will proclaim;



Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stupendous bliss of heav-en, This un-measured wealth of love!
 I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!



CHORUS.



It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



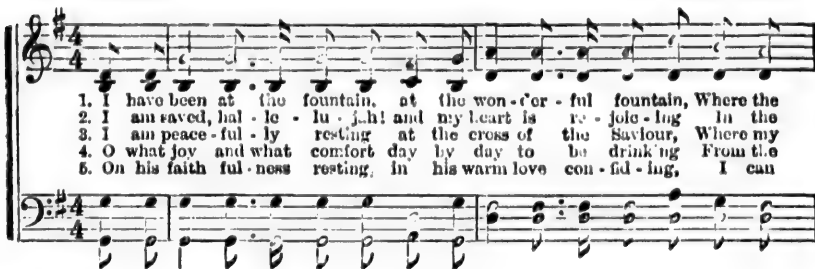
Pure, exhaustless, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



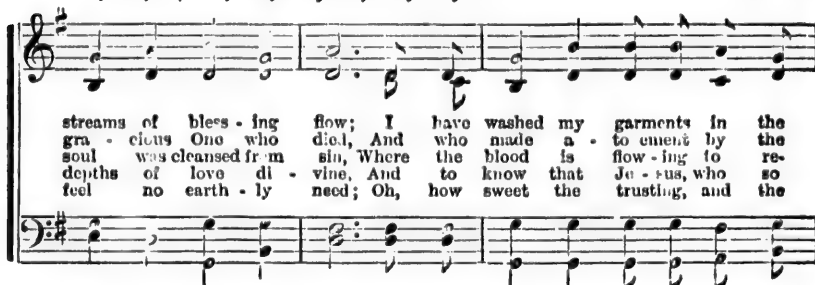
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E. A. HOFFMAN.

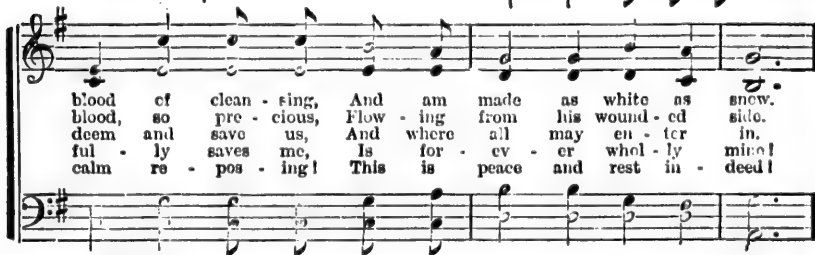
IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.



1. I have been at the fountain, at the won-der-ful fountain, Where the
 2. I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah! and my heart is re-joic-ing in the
 3. I am peace-ful-ly resting at the cross of the Saviour, Where my
 4. O what joy and what comfort day by day to be drinking From the
 5. On his faith-ful-ness resting, in his warm love con-fid-ing, I can

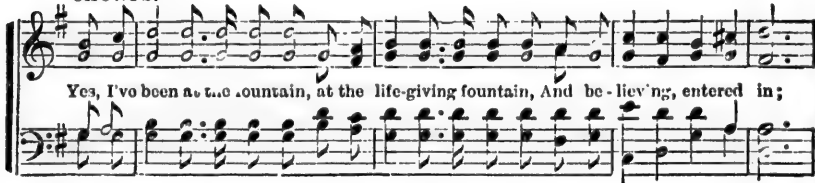


streams of bless-ing flow; I have washed my garments in the
 gra-cious One who died, And who made a-toement by the
 soul was cleansed from sin, Where the blood is flow-ing to re-
 depths of love di-vine, And to know that Je-sus, who so
 feel no earth-ly need; Oh, how sweet the trusting, and the

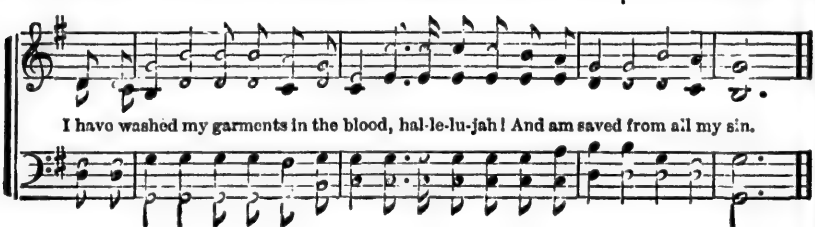


blood of clean-sing, And am made as white as snow.
 blood, so pre-cious, Flow-ing from his wound-ed side.
 deem and save us, And where all may en-ter in.
 ful-ly saves me, Is for-ev-er whol-ly mine!
 calm re-pos-ing! This is peace and rest in-deed!

CHORUS.



Yes, I've been at the fountain, at the life-giving fountain, And be-liev'ng, entered in;



I have washed my garments in the blood, hal-le-lu-jah! And am saved from all my sin.

33 IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

ANON.

ARRANGED.

Where the
in the
Where my
From the
I can

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wander'd wea - ry years,
3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of hea - vy crosses, Nor the burdens hard to bear;
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true,

a in the
t by the
to re-
who so
and the

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Of - ten hin - der'd in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;
When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path - way thro';

as snow.
d side.
in
mined
deed!

Where the air is pure e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Brok - en vows and dis - ap - pointments, Thickly sprinkled all the way;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly counting all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

entered in;

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah, Blessed, blessed land of light,

all my sin.

D. S. Chorus.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - erring, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the Cross.
For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lingers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is always bright?

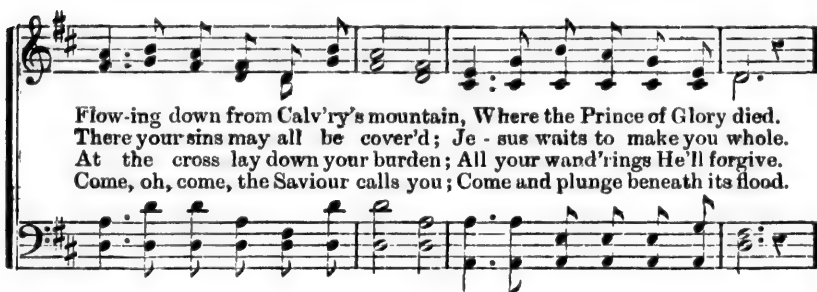
HEALING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

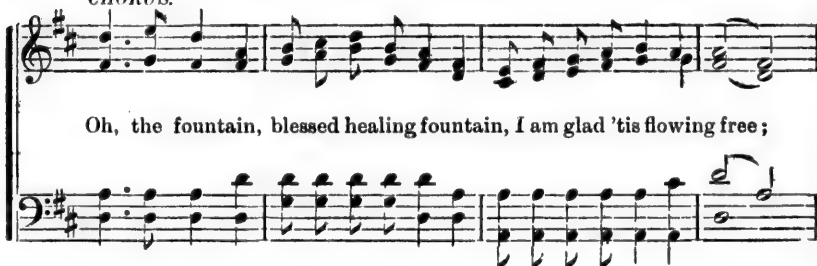


1. There is heal-ing at the fountain, 'Come behold the crimson tide,
 2. There is heal-ing at the fountain, Come and find it wea-ry soul,
 3. There is heal-ing at the fountain, Look to Je-sus now and live,
 4. There is heal-ing at the fountain, Precious fountain filled with blood,

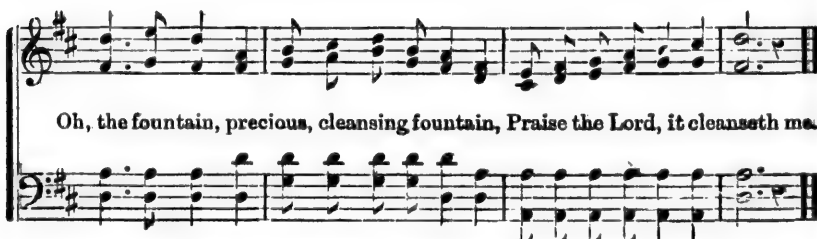


Flow-ing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glory died.
 There your sins may all be cover'd; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
 At the cross lay down your burden; All your wand'rings He'll forgive.
 Come, oh, come, the Saviour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

CHORUS.



Oh, the fountain, blessed healing fountain, I am glad 'tis flowing free;



Oh, the fountain, precious, cleansing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

IRKPATRICK.

on tide,
y soul,
and live,
with blood,

ory died.
ou whole.
ll forgive.
h its flood.

ng free;

cleanseth me.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, my Lord, His Spir - it doth lead
2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which He alone
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Master hath o -
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought, For sinners from sor -

me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by His word, And He
can set free; He spake in His mercy, "I will, be thou clean!" And He
opened the door; Shout aloud of deliv'rance, ye angels of light, Praise His
row and woe; Sing aloud of His grace who my pardon has bought, "For His

REFRAIN.

fills all my soul, with this song.
in - stant - ly pur - i - fied me.
name, oh, my soul, ev - er - more.
blood washes whiter than snow."


Glo - ry to God, my spirit is free,

Glo - ry to God, He pur - i - fies me; I'm walking the thorn -


path, but joy - ful I'll be While fol - low - ing Je - sus, my Lord.

BEULAH LAND.

JOHN R. SWENNY.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine,
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we:
 3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze, Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melo-dy,




Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
 He gent-ly leads me by His hand, For this is heav'n's bor-der-land.
 And flow'rs, that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life forev-er flow.
 As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.



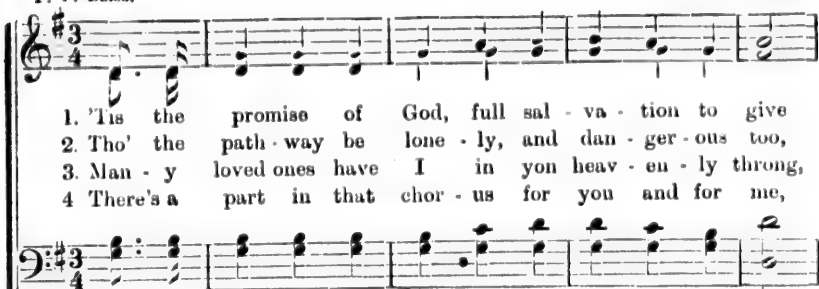
Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,



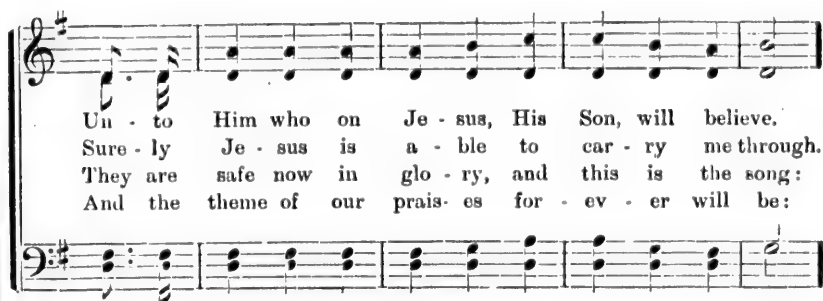
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,



And view the shining glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ever-more!

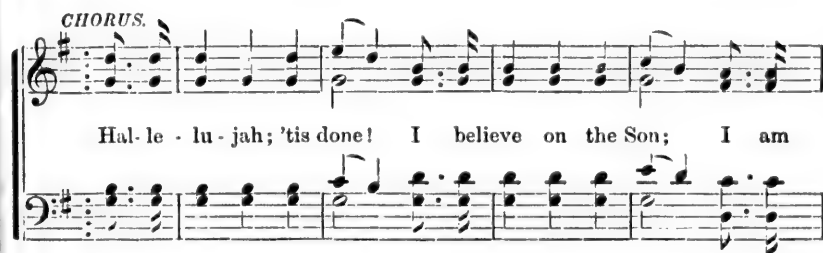


1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal - va - tion to give
 2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,
 3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
 4. There's a part in that chor - us for you and for me,



Un - to Him who on Je - sus, His Son, will believe.
 Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
 They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is the song:
 And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er will be:

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah; 'tis done! I believe on the Son; I am




1st time. 2nd time.

saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, Cru - ci - fied One.



38 WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. O. K.



E. O. EXCELL.




1. List, the Spirit calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
 2. Sinner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
 3. Christean wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
 4. Je - sus drank that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?


Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
 'Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
 And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?



Par - don will be giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en,
 Claim Him as your Saviour, He can save for - ev - er.
 You can know this hour, Of His sav - ing pow - er.
 Grace is now a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sounding.



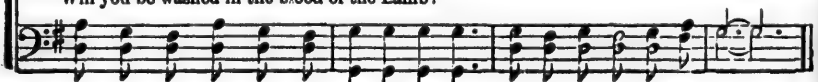
CHORUS.



Will you be washed, . . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Will you be washed, . . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?



By permission.

Rev. E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the [in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white? Pure and white
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright? And be
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 washed in the blood of the Lamb!

Are you washed

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
 2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hoping it will reach the skies;
 3. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
 4. When at last the days are gathered In - to Thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honey'd dew.
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev - er Un - der Thy pro-ject-ing eyes.
 Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
 May I find my name deep written In the records of Thy Son.

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I rejoice sal - va - tion came;

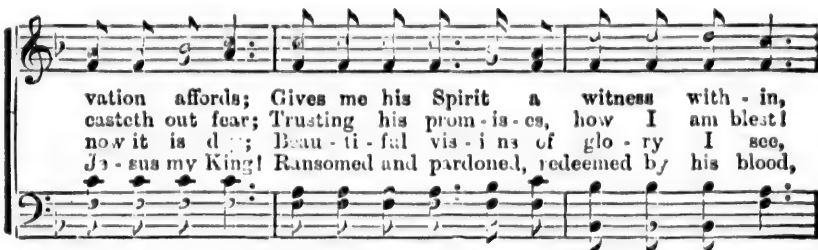
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved in Je - sus' name.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

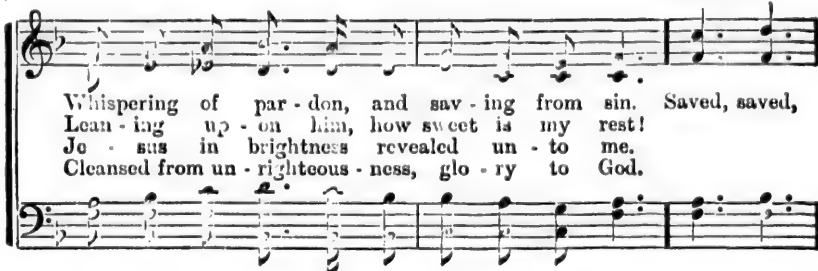


1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's; Jesus, my Saviour, sal-
 2. Saved to the uttermost: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safely, I see
 3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say: "Once all was darkness, but
 4. Saved to the uttermost: cheer - fully sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to

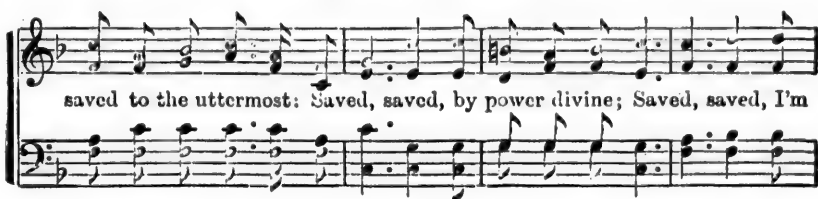


vation affords; Gives me his Spirit a witness with - in,
 casteth out fear; Trusting his prom - is - es, how I am blest!
 now it is done; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
 Je - sus my King! Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood,

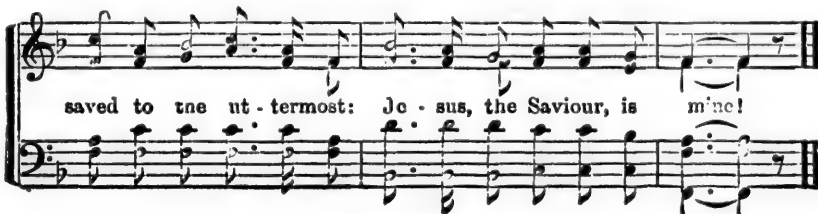
REFRAIN.



Whispering of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Saved, saved,
 Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest!
 Je - sus in brightness revealed un - to me.
 Cleansed from un - righteous - ness, glo - ry to God.



saved to the uttermost: Saved, saved, by power divine; Saved, saved, I'm



saved to the ut - termost: Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine!

By permission.

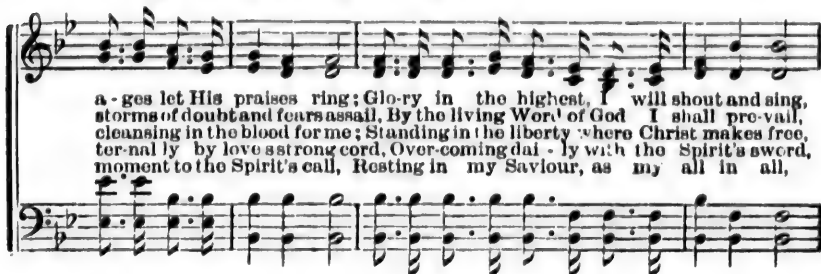
STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

H. K. C.

H. KELSO CARTER.



1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fail, Listening ev - 'ry

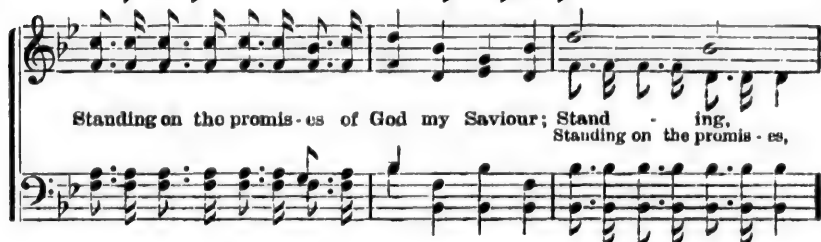


a - ges let His praises ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fears assail, By the living Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, Over - com - ing dai - ly with the Spirit's sword,
 moment to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,

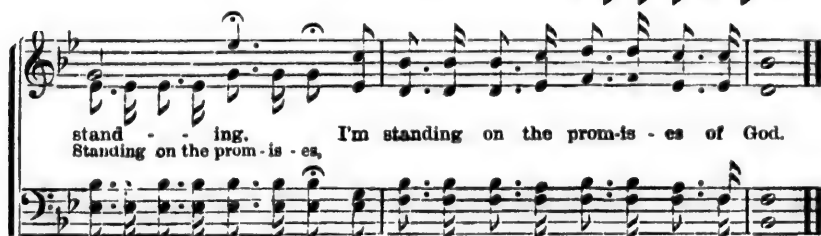
CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,



Standing on the prom-is - es of God my Saviour; Stand - ing,
 Standing on the prom-is - es,



stand - ing. I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.
 Standing on the prom-is - es,



1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glor-i-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light,
 And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing,
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.



REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun-shine, Bless-ed sun-shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,



While the peaceful, hap-py moments roll; When
 hap-py moments roll,



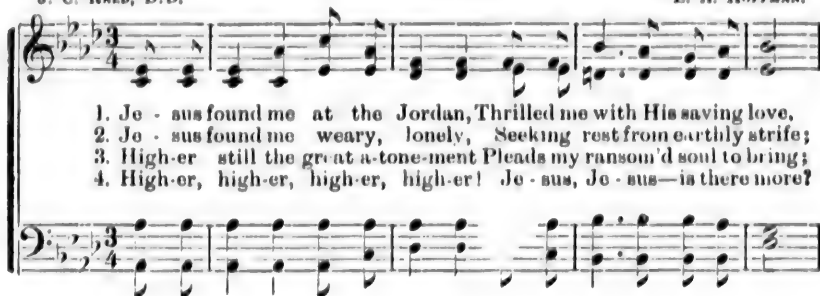
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sunshine in my soul.



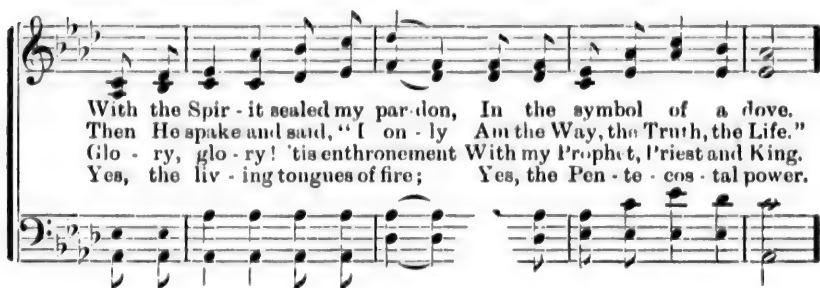
GLORY, GLORY, I AM SAVED!

J. C. RHEED, D.D.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

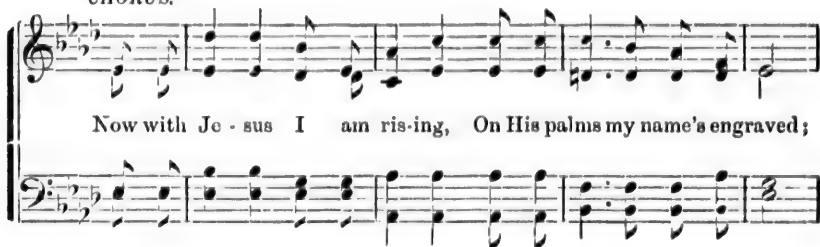


1. Je - sus found me at the Jordan, Thrilled me with His saving love,
 2. Je - sus found me weary, lonely, Seeking rest from earthly strife;
 3. High-er still the great at-tone-ment Pleads my ransom'd soul to bring;
 4. High-er, high-er, high-er, high-er! Je - sus, Je - sus—is there more?

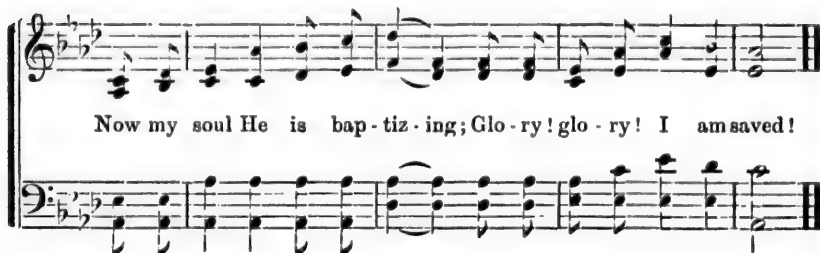


With the Spir - it sealed my par-don, In the symbol of a dove.
 Then He spake and said, "I on - ly Am the Way, the Truth, the Life."
 Glo - ry, glo - ry! 'tis enthronement With my Prophet, Priest and King.
 Yes, the liv - ing tongues of fire; Yes, the Pen - te - cos - tal power.

CHORUS.



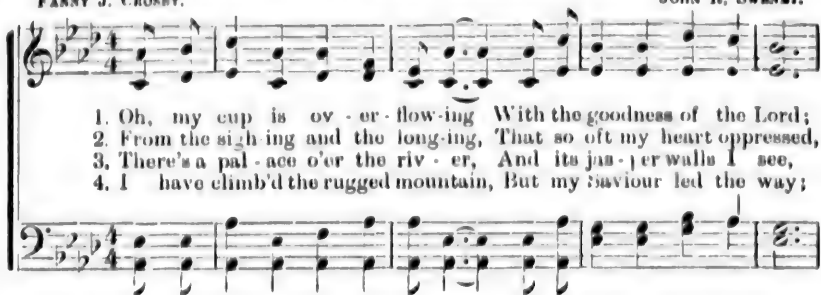
Now with Je - sus I am ris-ing, On His palms my name's engraved;



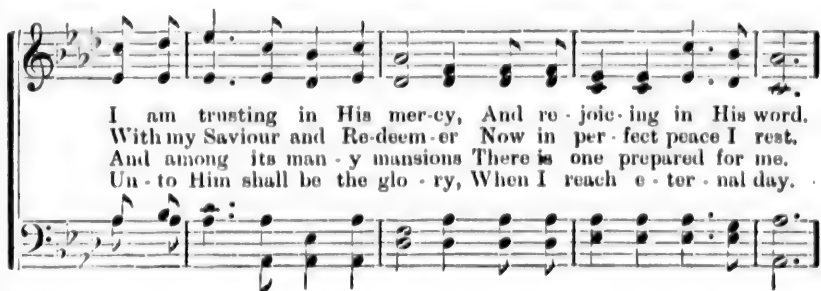
Now my soul He is bap - tiz - ing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! I am saved!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENBY.



1. Oh, my cup is ov - er - flow - ing With the goodness of the Lord;
 2. From the sigh - ing and the long - ing, That so oft my heart oppressed,
 3. There's a pal - ace o'er the riv - er, And its jas - per walls I see,
 4. I have climb'd the rugged mountain, But my Saviour led the way;




I am trust - ing in His mer - cy, And re - joic - ing in His word.
 With my Saviour and Re - deem - er Now in per - fect peace I rest,
 And among its man - y man - sions There is one pre - pared for me.
 Un - to Him shall be the glo - ry, When I reach e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.



I have climb'd the rugged mountain,—On its summit now I stand; Halle-




lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I have enter'd Beu - lah Land.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,



By permission.

JOSHUA GILL.


W. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. { I fled from Egypt's bondage, I heard that help was near; } I
 { I cast my care on Je - sus, And He dispers'd my fear: } I
 2. { I sang a song of triumph, I shouted o'er and o'er, } I
 { And then pur-sued my jour-ney For Canaan's hap - py shore. } I
 3. { The spies bro't back their mes-sage, Somewent, some said "We can;" } At
 { The land was all 'twas promised, But who will lead the van? } The
 4. { Then, af - ter wea - ry marches, And many a long-ing sigh, }
 { I found the riv - er - crossing, And saw the land was nigh. }

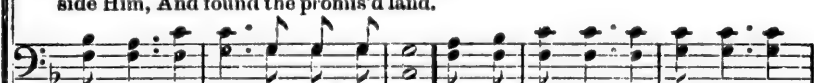

pass'd between the billows, Wall'd up on ev - 'ry hand, I trusted to my
 came to Si - nai's mountain, I trod the des - ert sand, I drank at Horeb's
 last my heart despair-ing, Of entering with this band, I cried a - loud to
 Lord look'd down in mercy, By faith I touch'd His hand, I followed close be-




CHORUS.



Captain, And sought the promis'd land.
 fountain, Seek - ing the promis'd land. I am o - ver, yes, o - ver: On
 Je - sus, 'To show the promis'd land.
 side Him, And found the promis'd land.

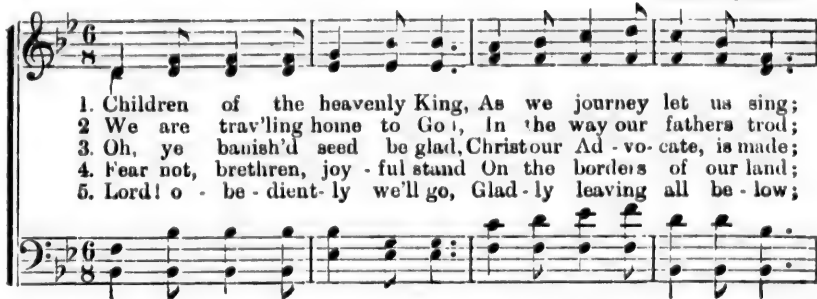
Canaan's shore I stand; I am o - ver, yes, o - ver, In the promis'd land.



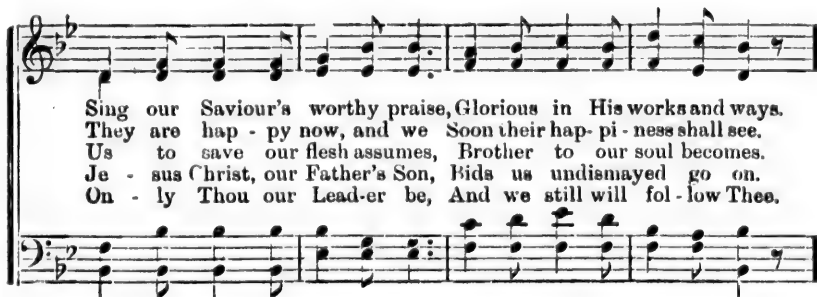
By permission.

THE GOLDEN LIGHT.

GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing;
 2 We are trav'ling home to Go', In the way our fathers trod;
 3. Oh, ye banish'd seed be glad, Christ our Ad - vo - cate, is made;
 4. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the borders of our land;
 5. Lord! o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leaving all be - low;



Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 Us to save our flesh assumes, Brother to our soul becomes.
 Je - sus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on.
 On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.



Walk, walk in the light, Walk, walk in the light,
 Walking in the golden light, We're walking in the golden light, We're



Walk, walk in the light, The gold-en light of God.
 walk-ing in the golden light, The gold-en light of God.

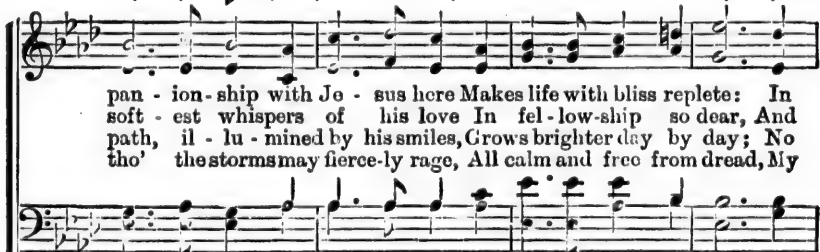
Repeat pp

MARY D. JAMES.

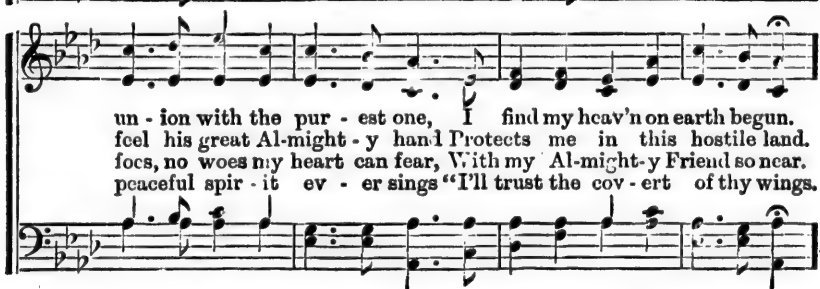
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship divine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
 2. I'm walking close to Je-sus's side; So close that I can hear The
 3. I'm leaning on his lov-ing breast, A-long life's wea-ry way; My
 4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread; And

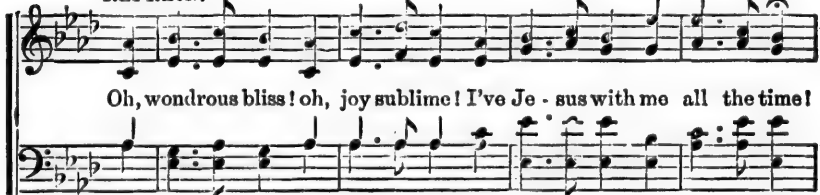


pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss replete: In
 soft-est whispers of his love In fel-low-ship so dear, And
 path, il-lu-mined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No
 tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

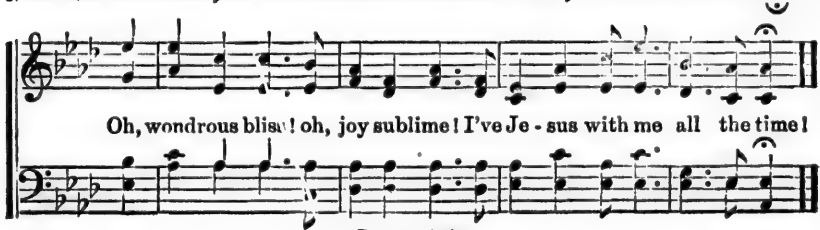


un-ion with the pur-est one, I find my heav'n on earth begun.
 feel his great Al-might-y hand Protects me in this hostile land.
 fogs, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
 peaceful spir-it ev-er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings.

REFRAIN.



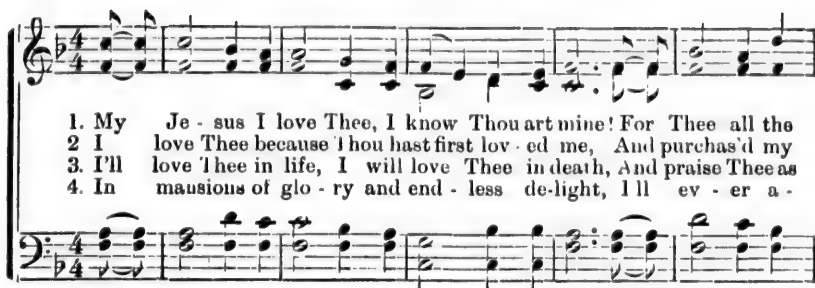
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!

By permission.

MY JESUS I LOVE THEE.



1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine! For Thee all the
 2 I love Thee because 'thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchas'd my
 3. I'll love 'Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In mausious of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

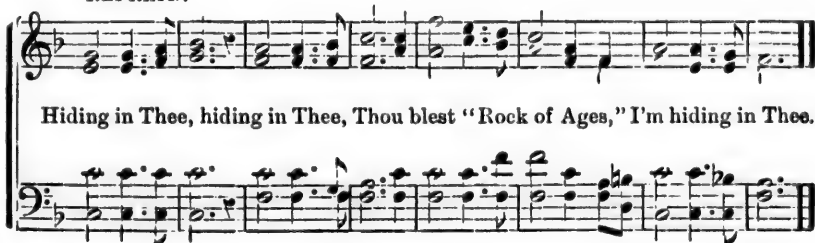


pleasures of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Releem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the gait - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou! If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
 thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
 cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"
 crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"

REFRAIN.



Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

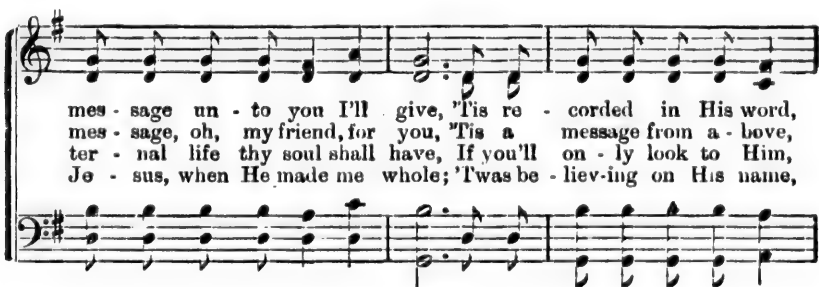
"LOOK AND LIVE."

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
 2. I've a mess-age full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
 3. Life is of-fered un-to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

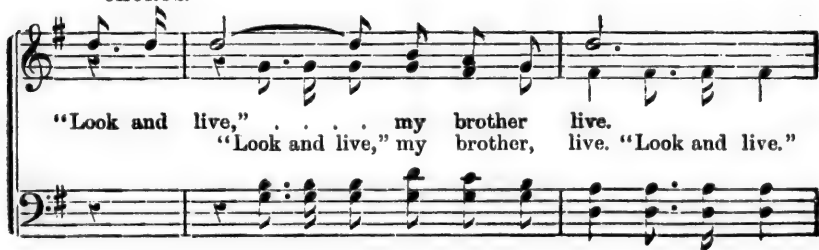


mes-sage un-to you I'll give, 'Tis re-corded in His word,
 mes-sage, oh, my friend, for you, 'Tis a message from a-love,
 ter-nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on-ly look to Him,
 Je-sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be-liev-ing on His name,



Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul.

CHORUS.



"Look and live," . . . my brother live.
 "Look and live," my brother, live. "Look and live."

"LOOK AND LIVE."—Concluded.

Look to Je - sus now and live, 'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

51

GIVE ME JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. { Take the world, but give me Je - sus—All its joys are but a name; }
 { But His love a - bi - deth ev - er, 'Thro' e - ter - nal years the same. }
 2. { Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest comfort of my soul; }
 { With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll. }
 3. { Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His constant smile; }
 { Then throughout my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while. }
 4. { Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be; }
 { Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see. }

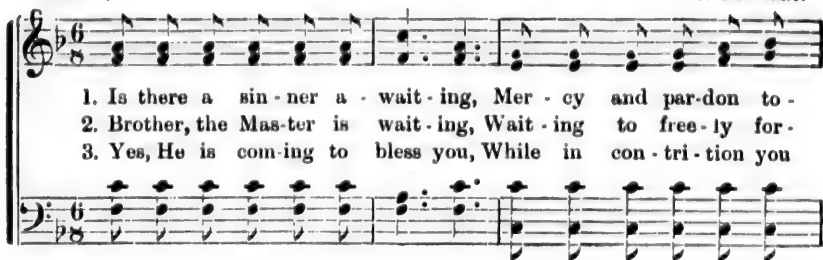
REFRAIN.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy, Oh, the length and breadth of love,
On, the ful - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of endless life a - bove!

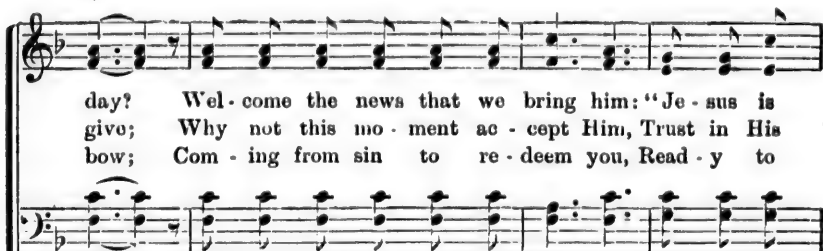
By permission.

E. A. H.

J. H. TENNY.



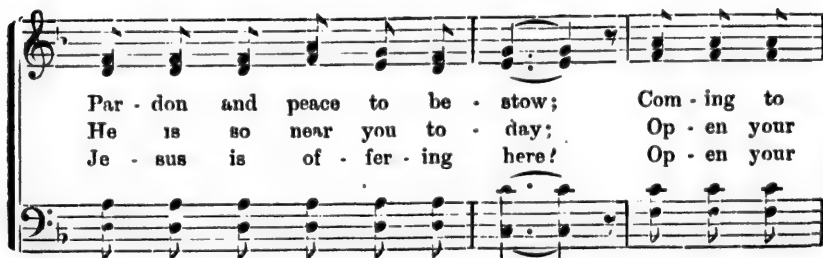
1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing, Mer - cy and par - don to -
 2. Brother, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for -
 3. Yes, He is com - ing to bless you, While in con - tri - tion you



day? Wel - come the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is
 give; Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him, Trust in His
 bow; Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to



passing this way?" Com ing in love and in mer - cy,
 grace and live? He is so ten - der and pre - cious,
 save you now; Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion

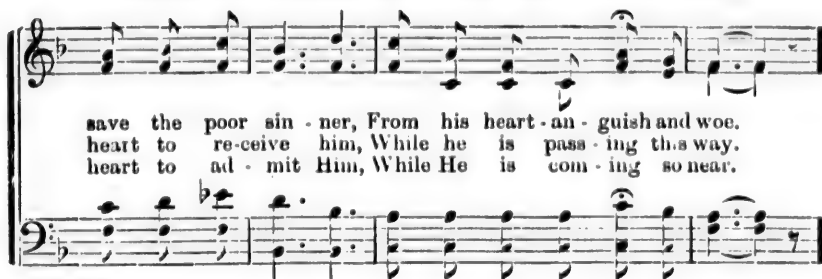


Par - don and peace to be - stow; Com - ing to
 He is so near you to - day; Op - en your
 Je - sus is of - fer - ing here! Op - en your

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.—Concluded.

TENNY.

to -
for -
you



save the poor sin - ner, From his heart - an - guish and woe.
heart to re - ceive him, While he is pass - ing this way.
heart to ad - mit Him, While He is com - ing so near.

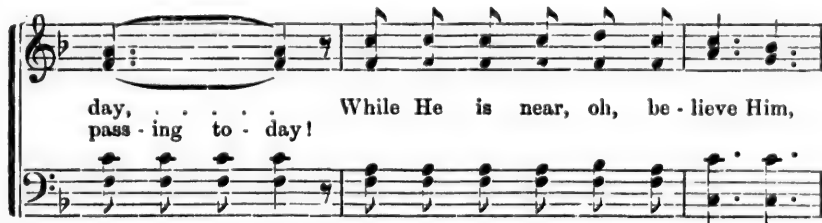
CHORUS.

is
His
to



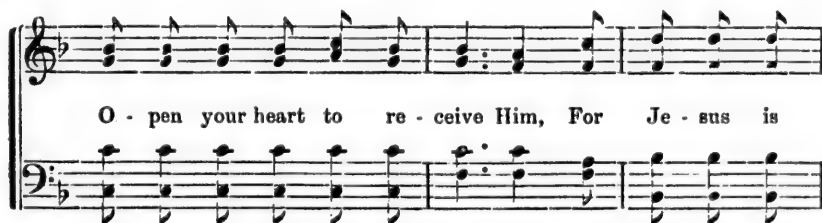
Je - sus is passing this way, To - day, to -
Je - sus is passing this way, To - day, is

r - cy,
- cious,
- tion

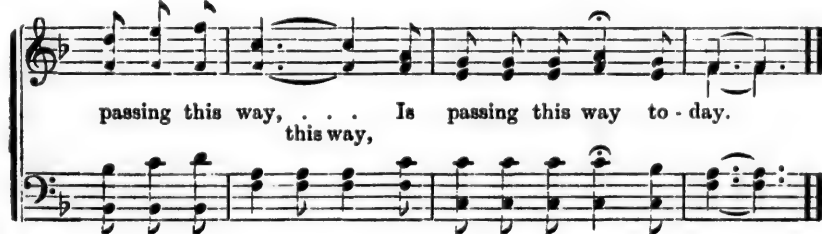


day, While He is near, oh, be - lieve Him,
pass - ing to - day!

ng to
n your
n your



O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, For Je - sus is



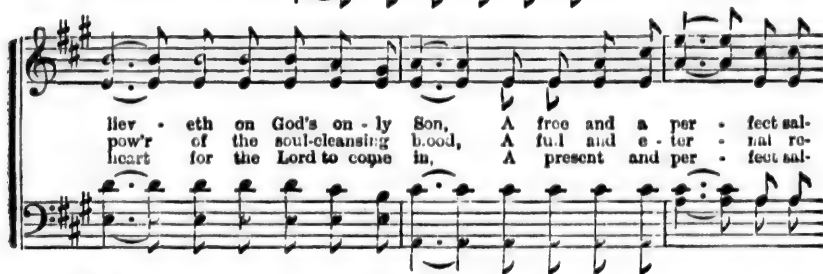
passing this way, . . . Is passing this way to - day.
this way,

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.


P. P. BLISS.



1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -
 2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the
 3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev - ry sin, And opens his

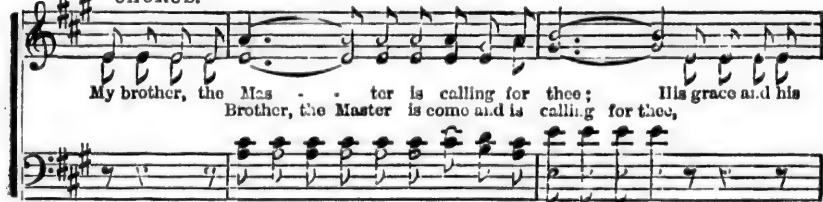


liv - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -
 pow'r of the soul - cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -
 heart for the Lord to come in, A present and per - fect sal -



va - tion shall have, For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 demp - tion shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
 va - tion shall have, For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

CHORUS.



My brother, the Mas - ter is calling for thee; His grace and his
 Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee,



mer - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - som for
 Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood is a

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.—Concluded.

sinners he gave, And he is a - bun - - dantly able to save.
ransom for sinners he gave And he is abundantly able to save.

54

OH! 'TIS WONDERFUL!

I. I. LINDIN.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When I was far a - way and lost, Oh, 'tis won - der - full!
2. I once was blind, but now I see; Oh, 'tis won - der - full!
3. My guilt was all I had to bring; Oh, 'tis won - der - full!
4. This great sal - va - tion all may share; Oh, 'tis won - der - full!

That I was saved at such a cost! Oh! 'tis won - der - full!
Was bound by sin but now am free! Oh! 'tis won - der - full!
Yet I was made His love to sing; Oh! 'tis won - der - full!
Throughout the world the message bear; Oh! 'tis won - der - full!

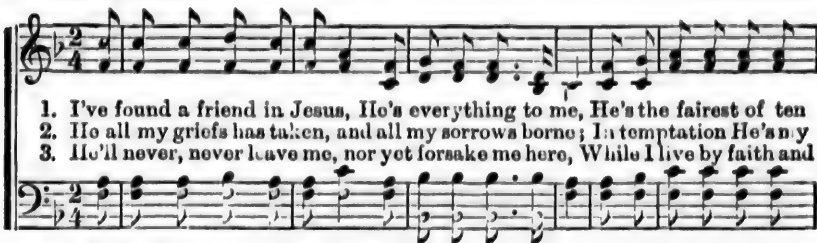
CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis won - der - full! Oh, 'tis won - der - full!

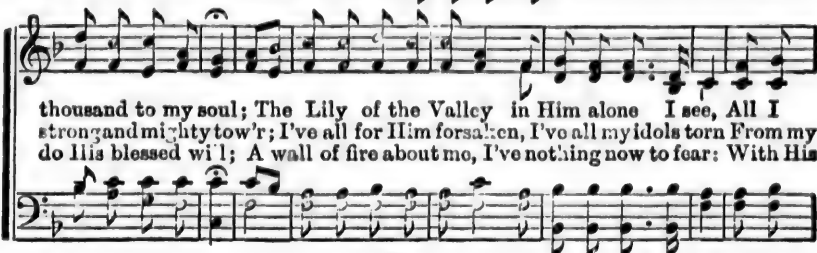
That Je - sus gave His life for me! Oh! 'tis won - der - full!

EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

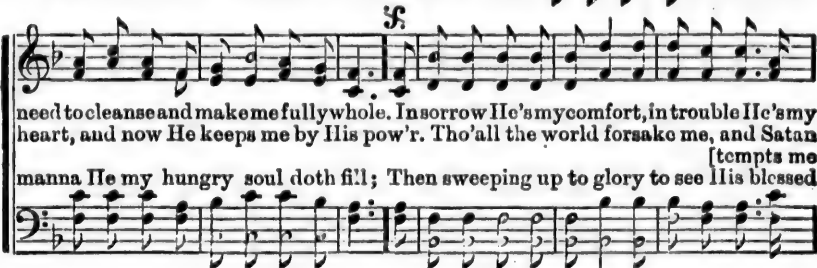
JOSHUA GILL.



1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me, He's the fairest of ten
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation He's my
 3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

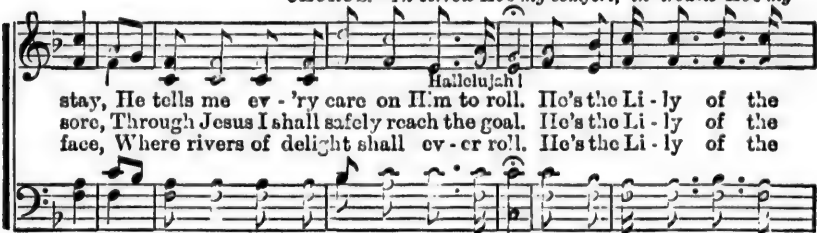


thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley in Him alone I see, All I
 strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
 do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With His



need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
 heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan
 tempts me
 manna He my hungry soul doth fill; Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed

CHORUS.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my



Hallelujah!
 stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the
 sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the
 face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-cr roll. He's the Li-ly of the

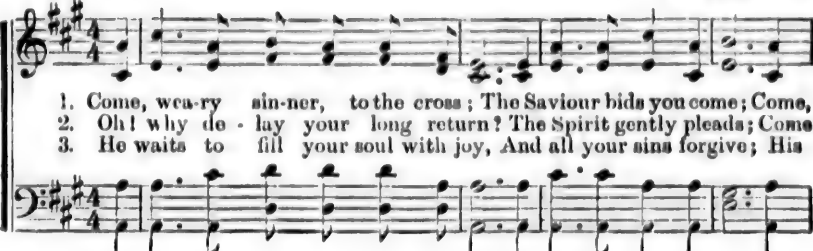
stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the D.S.



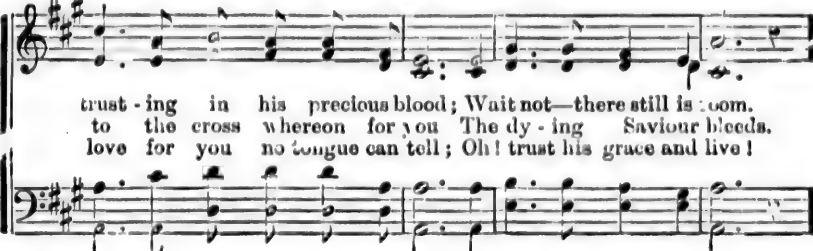
Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

"Joy and Gladness." By permission.



1. Come, wea-ry sin-ner, to the cross; The Saviour bids you come; Come,
 2. Oh! why de-lay your long return? The Spirit gently pleads; Come
 3. He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins forgive; His




trust-ing in his precious blood; Wait not—there still is room.
 to the cross whereon for you The dy-ing Saviour bleeds.
 love for you no tongue can tell; Oh! trust his grace and live!

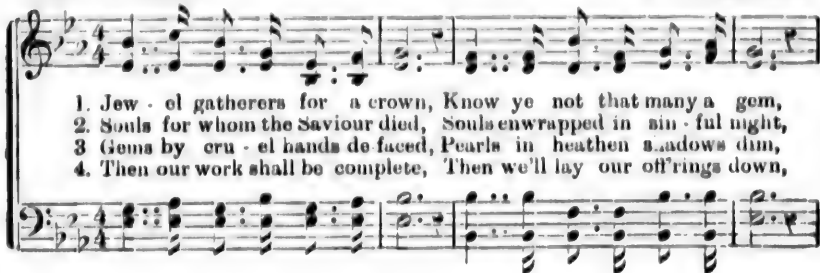
CHORUS.



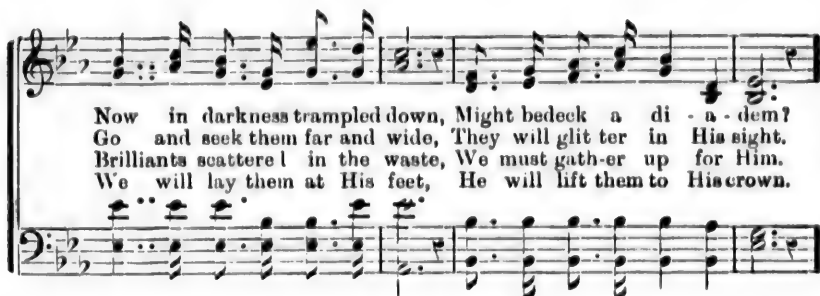
{ Je-sus now is pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by,
 While he is so ver-y nigh, ver-y nigh, ver-y nigh,



Je-sus now is pass-ing by, I'll go out to meet him.
 While he is so ver-y nigh, I'll go out and greet him. }

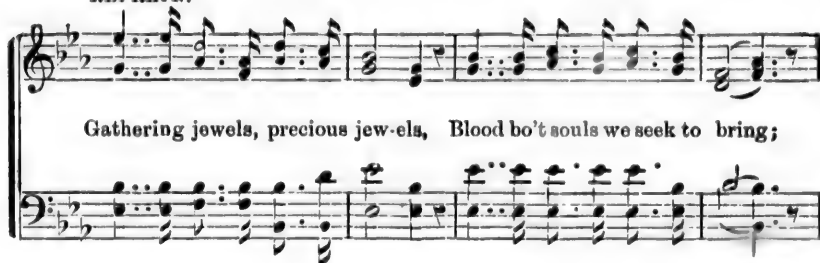


1. Jew - el gatherers for a crown, Know ye not that many a gem,
 2. Souls for whom the Saviour died, Souls enwrapped in sin - ful night,
 3. Gems by cru - el hands de faced, Pearls in heathen shadows dim,
 4. Then our work shall be complete, Then we'll lay our offerings down,

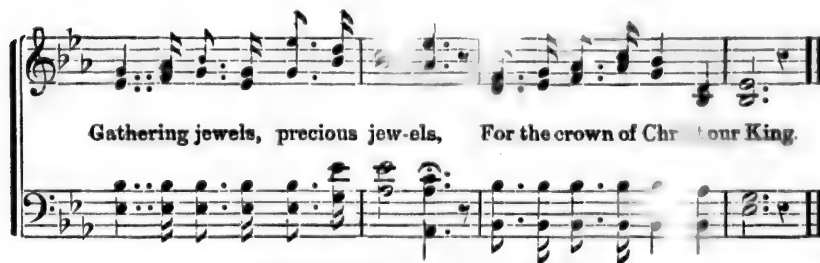


Now in darkness trampled down, Might bedeck a di - a - dem?
 Go and seek them far and wide, They will glit - ter in His sight.
 Brilliants scatter'd in the waste, We must gath - er up for Him.
 We will lay them at His feet, He will lift them to His crown.

REFRAIN.



Gathering jewels, precious jew - els, Blood bo't souls we seek to bring;



Gathering jewels, precious jew - els, For the crown of Christ our King.

1. There's sin in the camp, there is treason to-day! Is it in me? Is it in me?
 2. I come in my need to the life-giving Word, Is it for me? Is it for me?
 3. There's peace in be-liev-ing, whatever betides, Is it for me? Is it for me?

There's cause in our ranks for de-feat and de-lay; Is it, O Lord, in me?
 By faith in its pow'r let my soul be restored; Is it, O Lord, for me?
 There's rest to the soul that in Je-sus a-bides; Is it, O Lord, for me?

Something of sel-fish-ness, garments or gold, Something of hindrance in
 Par-don and pur-i-ty Je-sus will give, Life ev-er-last-ing to
 Sure-ly the work of re-demp-tion is done, Sure-ly the Fath-er is

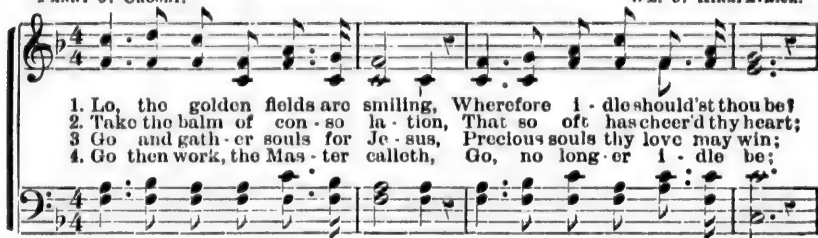
young or in old, Something why God doth His blessing with-hold—Is it, O Lord, in
 all who believe, Oh, that His pow'r I may ful-ly receive,—Is it, O Lord, for
 pleas'd with the Son, Sure-ly the sav'd and the Saviour are one—Surely 'tis all for

me? Is it in me? Is it in me? Is it, O Lord, in me?
 me? Is it for me? Is it for me? Is it, O Lord, for me?
 me? All for me! All for me! Sure-ly 'tis all for me!

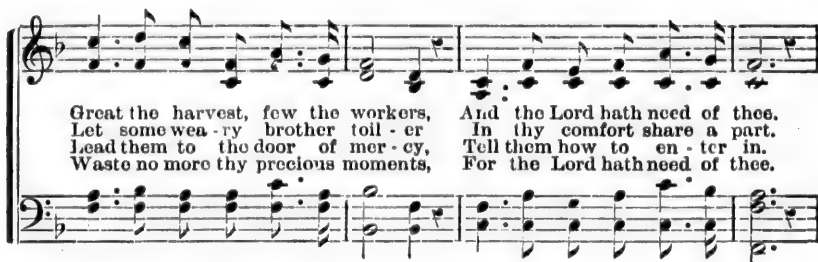
59 LO, THE GOLDEN FIELDS ARE SMILING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

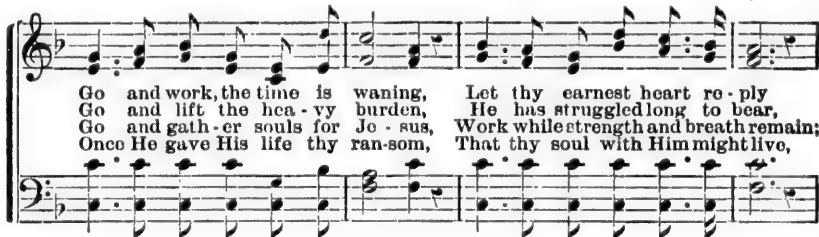
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lo, the golden fields are smiling, Wherefore I - dle should'st thou be!
 2. Take the balm of con - so la - tion, That so oft has cheer'd thy heart;
 3. Go and gath - er souls for Je - sus, Precious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go then work, the Mas - ter calleth, Go, no long - er I - dle be;



Great the harvest, few the workers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wea - ry brother toil - er In thy comfort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
 Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.



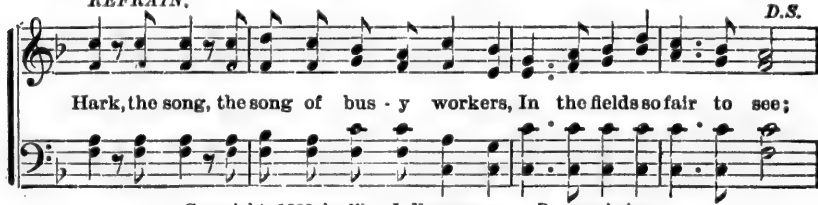
Go and work, the time is waning, Let thy earnest heart re - ply
 Go and lift the hea - vy burden, He has struggled long to bear,
 Go and gath - er souls for Je - sus, Work while strength and breath remain;
 Once He gave His life thy ran - som, That thy soul with Him might live,



To the call so oft re - peat - ed, "Blessed Master, here am I."
 Go, and kneeling down be - side Him, Blend thy faith with His in pray'r.
 What are years of constant la - bor, To the joy thou yet shalt gain.
 Now the ser - vice He do - mand - eth, Can Thy heart re - fuse to give?

D.S.—Go and fill thy place among them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

REFRAIN.



Hark, the song, the song of bus - y workers, In the fields so fair to see;

I'M GOING TO BE A WORKER.

I. B., Ch'd by J. McD. K.

I. BALTZELL, Arr. by J. McD. K.

1. I'm going to be a worker with the Lord, I'm going to love and
 2. I'm going to be a worker ev - 'ry day, I'm going to teach the
 3. I'm going to be a worker strong and brave, I'm going to trust in
 4. I'm going to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust His no - ly word; I mean to sing and pray, and be bus-y night
 err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace
 Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-
 err - ing to Thy word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev-

CHORUS.

and day In the vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will
 and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.
 py home In the kingdom of the Lord.
 er die, In the kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray, In the vineyard of the Lord, I will
 work and pray, of the Lord,

work, I will pray, I will labor night and day In the vineyard of the Lord.

1. Oh, sa-cred flame! oh, liv-ing fire! Descend up-on me now, And
 2. Burn up the dross Thou findest there, Until all pure within, And
 3. Come quickly, Lord! take full control Of all my will and heart, And
 4. In-fuse new life, new faith, new love, In-to this soul of mine, Il-

may this in-bred sin ex-pire While here I humbly bow.
 make this temple bright and fair, Thy reign in me be-gin.
 reign supreme with - in my soul, So we may nev-er part.
 lu-min-ate me from a-bove, And ev-er thro' me shine.

CHORUS:

Come in, . . . come in, . . .

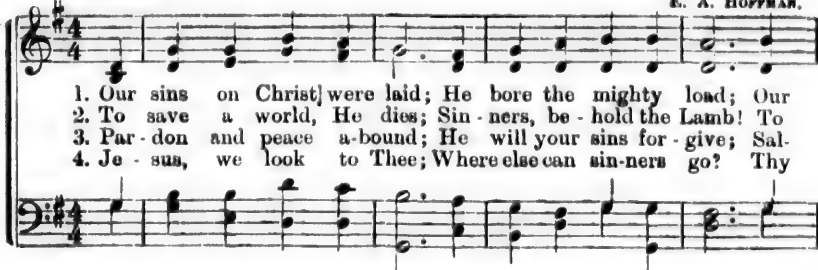
Come in, come in, come in, come in, Come in, dear Lord, come

in; Inflame my soul with burning love, And help me souls to win.

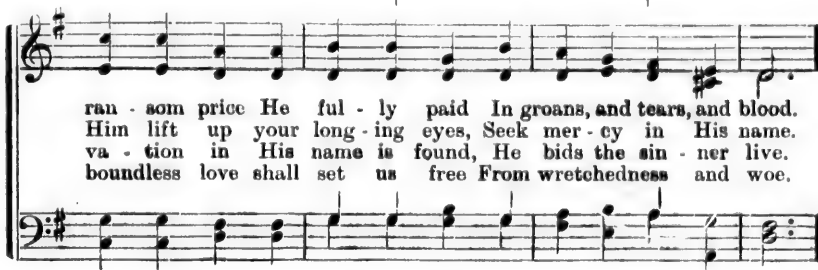
62 THERE'S SALVATION IN THE BLOOD.

JOHN FAWCETT.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

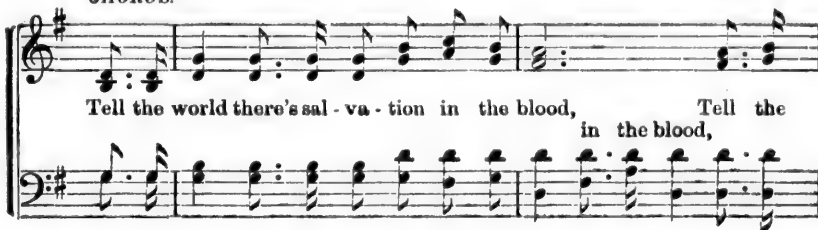


1. Our sins on Christ were laid; He bore the mighty load; Our
 2. To save a world, He dies; Sin - ners, be - hold the Lamb! To
 3. Par - don and peace a-bound; He will your sins for - give; Sal -
 4. Je - sus, we look to Thee; Where else can sin - ners go? Thy

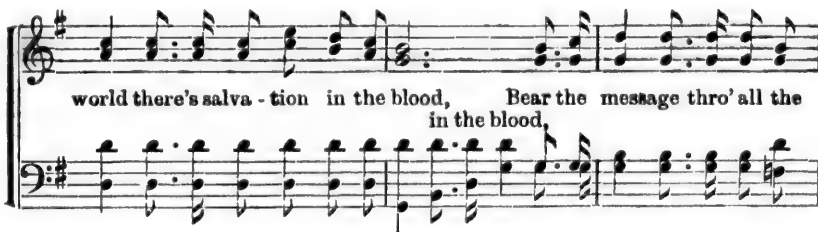


ran - som price He ful - ly paid In groans, and tears, and blood.
 Him lift up your long - ing eyes, Seek mer - cy in His name.
 va - tion in His name is found, He bids the sin - ner live.
 boundless love shall set us free From wretchedness and woe.

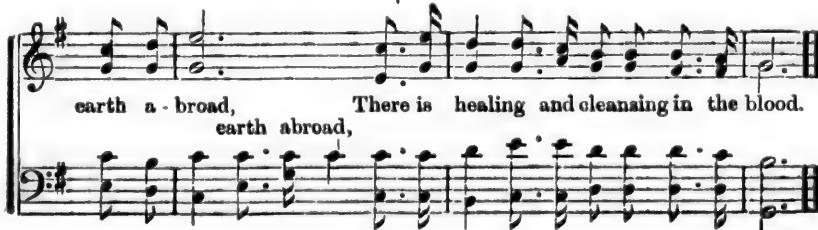
CHORUS.



Tell the world there's sal - va - tion in the blood, Tell the
 in the blood,



world there's salva - tion in the blood, Bear the message thro' all the
 in the blood,

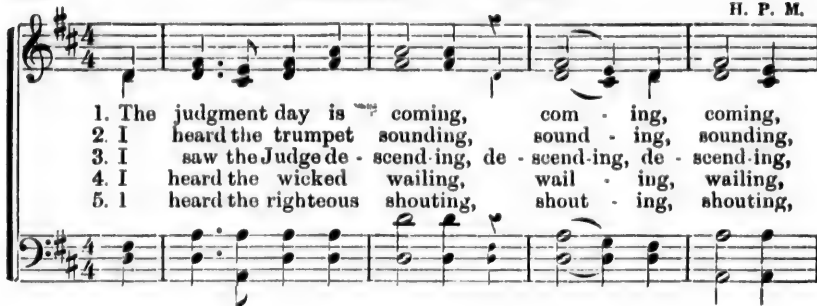


earth a - broad, There is healing and cleansing in the blood.
 earth abroad,

By permission.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

H. P. M.

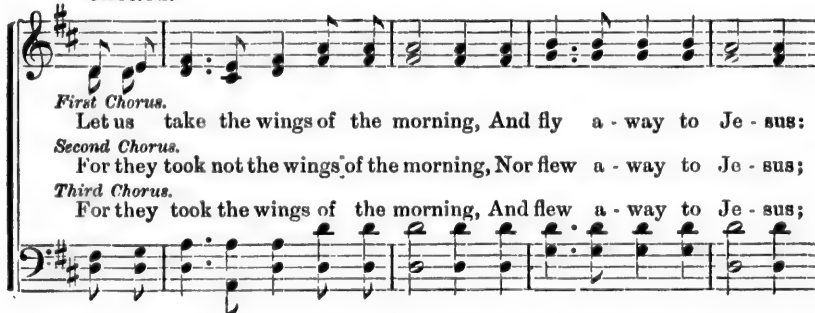


1. The judgment day is coming, com - ing, coming,
 2. I heard the trumpet sounding, sound - ing, sounding,
 3. I saw the Judge de - scend - ing, de - scend - ing, de - scend - ing,
 4. I heard the wicked wailing, wail - ing, wailing,
 5. I heard the righteous shouting, shout - ing, shouting,

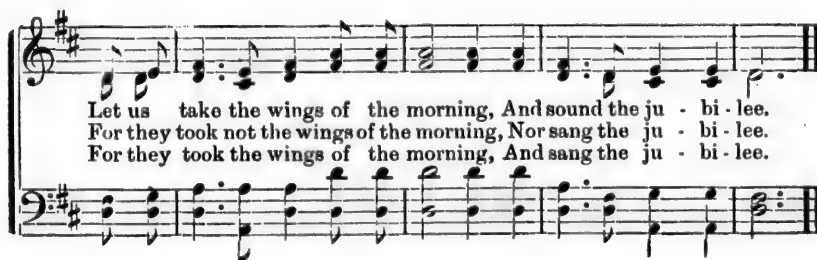


The judgment day is com - ing, Oh, that great day!
 I heard the trumpet sounding, On that great day.
 I saw the Judge de - scend - ing, On that great day.
 I heard the wick - ed wail - ing, On that great day.
 I heard the righteous shouting, On that great day.

CHORUS.



First Chorus.
 Let us take the wings of the morning, And fly a - way to Je - sus;
Second Chorus.
 For they took not the wings of the morning, Nor flew a - way to Je - sus;
Third Chorus.
 For they took the wings of the morning, And flew a - way to Je - sus;



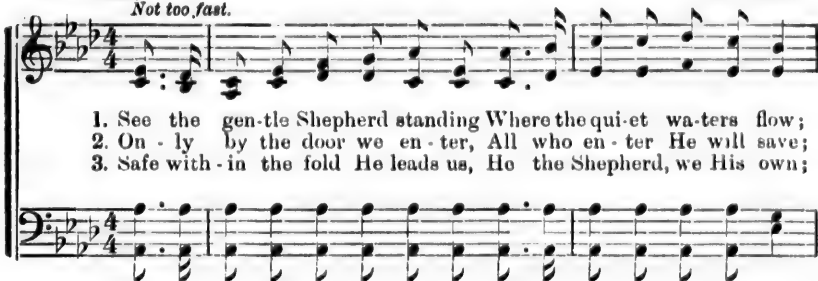
Let us take the wings of the morning, And sound the ju - bi - lee.
 For they took not the wings of the morning, Nor sang the ju - bi - lee.
 For they took the wings of the morning, And sang the ju - bi - lee.

64 WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

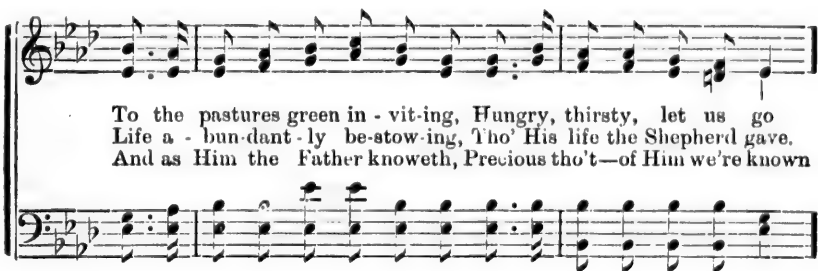
P. P. BLISS,

Not too fast.

P. P. BLISS.



1. See the gen-tle Shepherd standing Where the qui-et wa-ters flow;
 2. On - ly by the door we en - ter, All who en - ter He will save;
 3. Safe with - in the fold He leads us, He the Shepherd, we His own;



To the pas-tures green in - vit-ing, Hungry, thirsty, let us go
 Life a - bun-dant - ly be-stow-ing, Tho' His life the Shepherd gave,
 And as Him the Father knoweth, Precious tho't—of Him we're known

CHORUS.



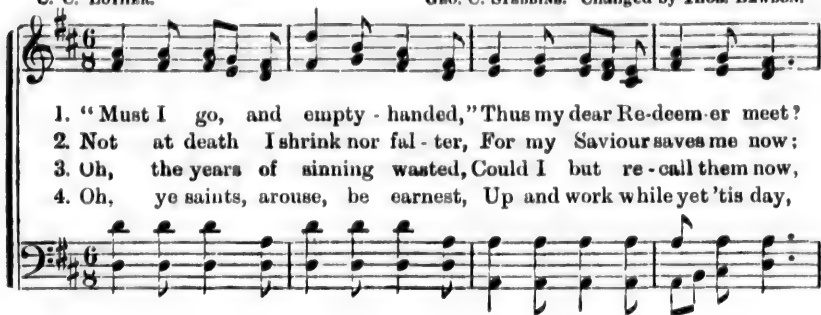
Where He leads, we will fol - low, Where He leads, we will fol - low,



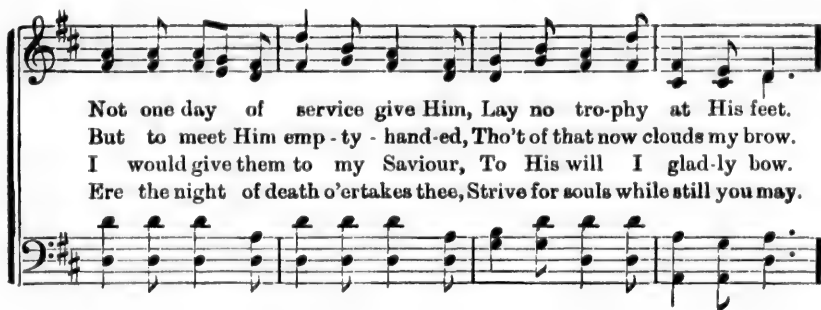
Where He leads, we will fol - low, We will fol - low all the way.

C. C. LUTHER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. Changed by THOS. BAWDON.



1. "Must I go, and empty-handed," Thus my dear Re-deem-er meet?
 2. Not at death I shrink nor fal-ter, For my Saviour saves me now;
 3. Oh, the years of sinning wasted, Could I but re-call them now,
 4. Oh, ye saints, arouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

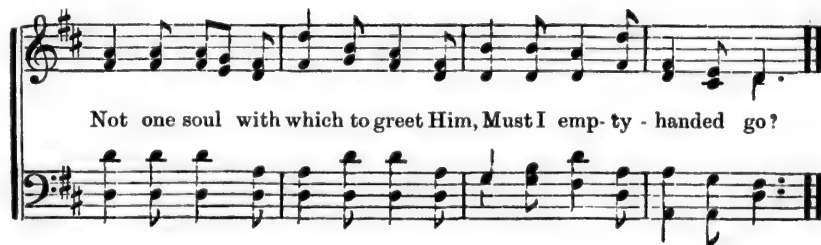


Not one day of service give Him, Lay no tro-phy at His feet.
 But to meet Him emp-ty - hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
 I would give them to my Saviour, To His will I glad-ly bow.
 Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

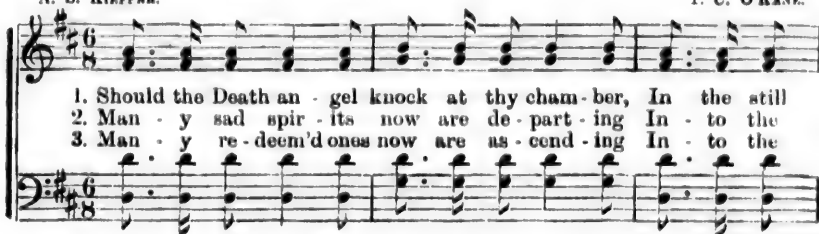
CHORUS.



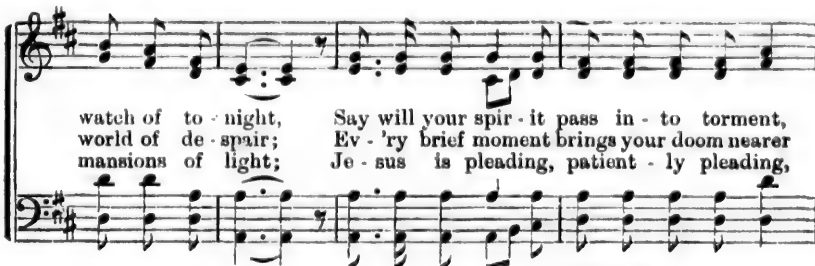
"Must I go, and emp-ty - handed," Must I meet my Saviour so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp-ty - handed go?



1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
 2. Man - y sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
 3. Man - y re - deem'd ones now are as - cond - ing In - to the

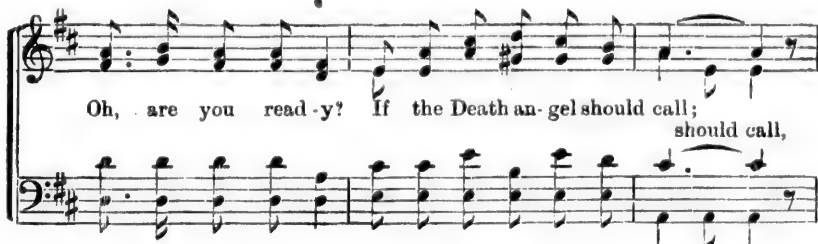


watch of to - night, Say will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
 world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer
 mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, patient - ly pleading,

CHORUS.



Or to the land of de - light?
 Sin - ner, oh, sin - ner, be - {ware! Say, are you read-y,
 Oh, let Him save you to - night.



Oh, are you read-y? If the Death an - gel should call;
 should call,



Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready? Mercy stands waiting for all.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, . come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
 Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly Je - sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

F. J. C.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, come to the Saviour, His arms are ex - tended, Oh, come to the Saviour so
 2. Oh, come to the Saviour, for why will you wander? The world and its pleasur e no
 3. A - way to the fountain, the life-giv - ing fountain, its a - ul-cheering waters your
 4. A - way, for the shadows of night are approaching, then lose not His blessings that

loving and true; Be - hold, He is call - ing in ten - der com - pas - sion, O
 longer pur - sue; A - gain He is call - ing; how can you re - fect Him? O
 strength will renew: Then come while the day-beams of mercy are shin - ing, O
 fall like the dew; Still, still He is wait - ing and ten - der - ly call - ing, O

CHORUS.

sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you.
 sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you.
 sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you. Calling for you, (He is) calling for you,
 sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you.

Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you, Calling,
 Calling for you, He is

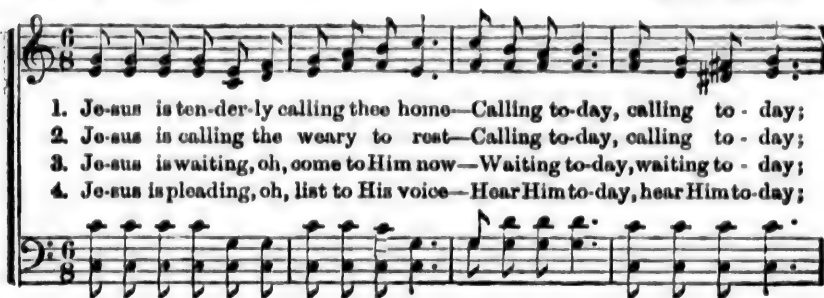
call - ing,
 call - ing for you, Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing for you,

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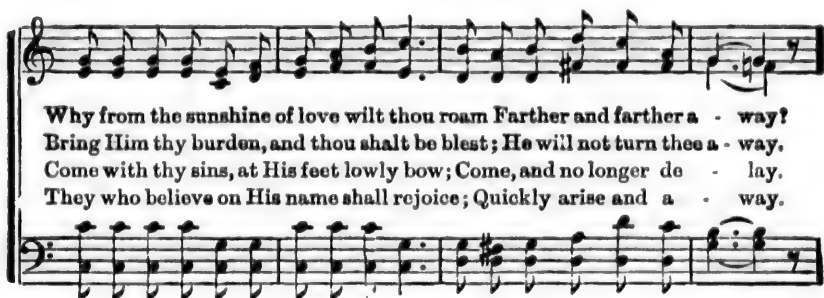
JESUS IS TENDERLY CALLING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEPHENSON.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to - day;
 2. Je-sus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to - day;
 3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to - day;
 4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;




Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and a - way.

REFRAIN.




Call - ing to - day . . . call - ing to - day . . .
 Calling, calling to - day, to - day; Call-ing, calling to-day, to-day;




Je - - sus is call - - ing, is tender - ly calling to - day.
 Je-sus is tenderly calling to-day,

FANNY J. CROSBY.


J. R. S.




1. Out on the des-ert, look-ing, look-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus
 2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O what com-pas-sion
 3. Lov-ing-ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer-cy, tho' alighted,
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watch-ing, watching, Long to be-hold thee



look-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
 beams in His eye; Hear Him re-pent-ing gent-ly, gent-ly,
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,
 safe in the fold; An-gels are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,



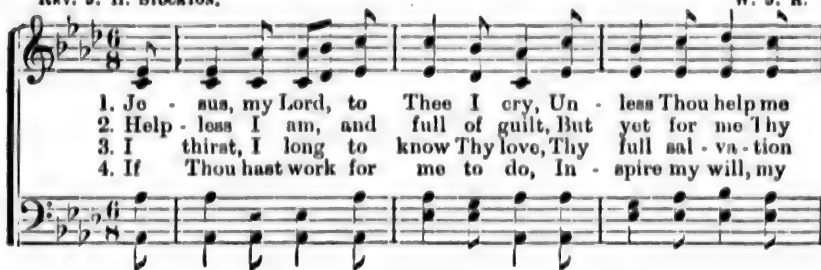
CHORUS.
 Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un-to Me, *p*
 Come to thy Saviour, O why will you die? Je-sus is look-ing,
 Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set
 When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?



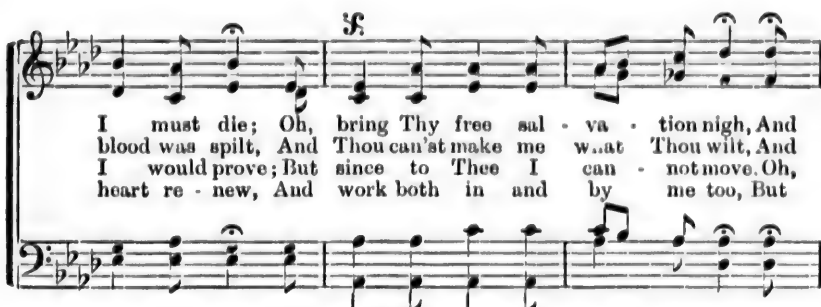
Je-sus is calling; Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way?



Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me
 2. Help - less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy
 3. I thirist, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my



I must die; Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And
 blood was spilt, And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, And
 I would prove; But since to Thee I can - not move. Oh,
 heart re - new, And work both in and by me too, But

D.S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And

Fine. REFRAIN.



take me as I am! Take me as I
 take me as I am! Take me
 take me as I am! Take me
 take me as I am!

take me as I am!

D.S.



am, . . . am, Take me as I am; . . . Oh,
 as I am, Take me as I am;

By permission.

YES, THERE IS PARDON FOR YOU.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Slowly

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Oh, come to 'the Sav - iour be - lieve in His name, And
 2. The way of trans - gres - sion that leads un - to death, Oh,
 3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your

ask Him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gracious, Oh,
 why will you long - er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet
 on - ly sal - va - tion is there; Be - lieve, and that mo - ment the

turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.
 mes - sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?
 Spir - it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent pray'r.

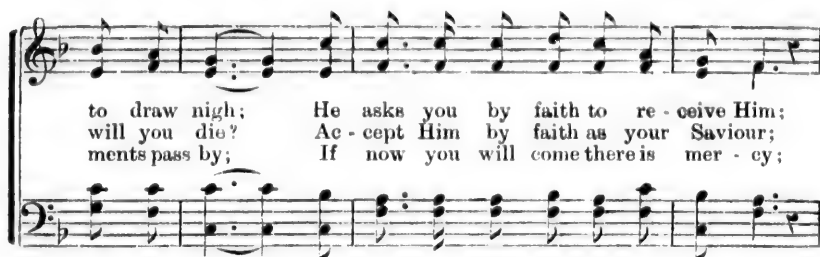
CHORUS.

Yes, there is pardon for you, Yes, there is pardon for you;
 for you, for you;

For Je - sus has died to redeem you, And offers full par - don to you.

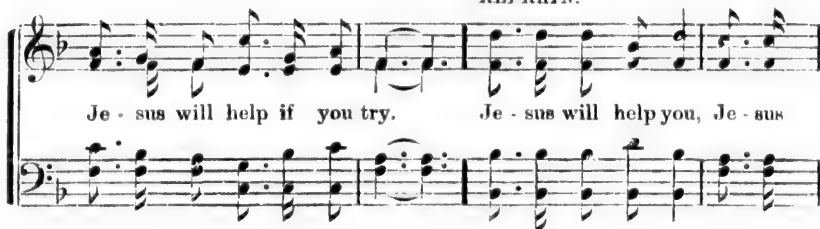


1. The Saviour is calling you, sin - ner, Urg - ing you now
 2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, oh, why
 3. There's dan - ger in long - er de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the mo -

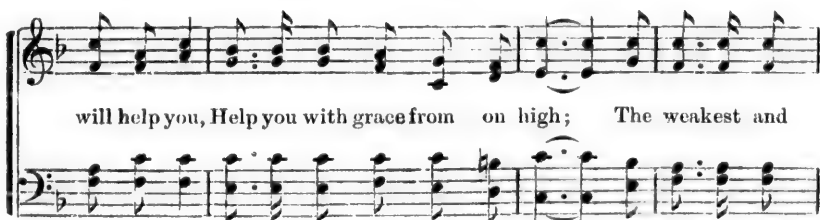


to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him;
 will you die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Saviour;
 ments pass by; If now you will come there is mer - cy;

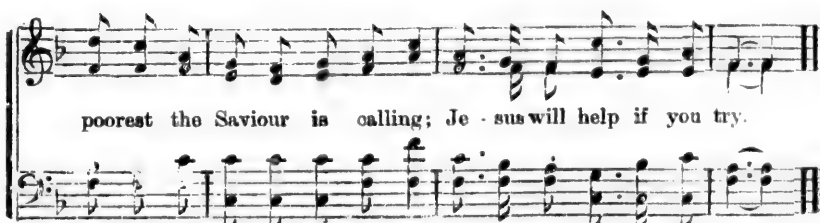
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus



will help you, Help you with grace from on high; The weakest and




poorest the Saviour is calling; Je - sus will help if you try.

MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HARRIETTA E. BLAIR.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
 2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
 3. Think of His goodness, His patience and love; Mer - cy is free,
 4. Yes, there is pardon for all who believe; Mer - cy is free.

REFRAIN.

D.C.—Je - sus, the Saviour, is look - ing for thee, Looking for thee,



mer - cy is free: Sinner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
 mer - cy is free: Gent - ly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"
 mer - cy is free: Plead - ing thy cause with His Father a - bove,
 mer - cy is free: Come, and this moment a blessing receive,
 look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

Fine.



Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art willing on
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, oh,
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come, and re - pent ing, oh,
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh,
 Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

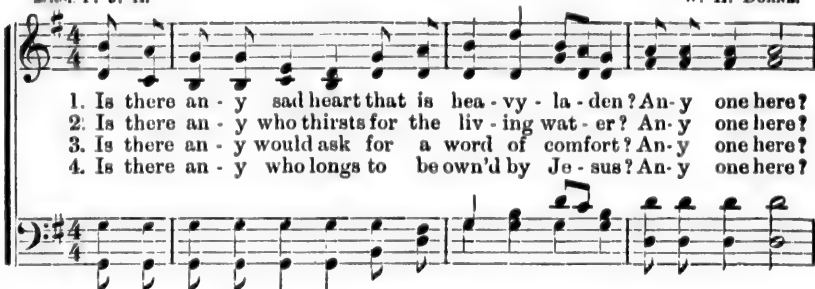


Him to believe, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
 come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
 give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free,
 hear Him proclaim, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.

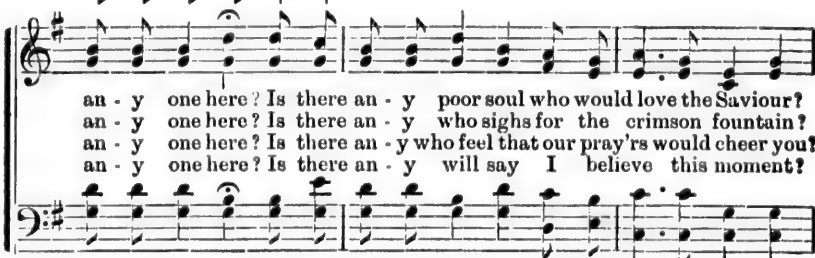
D. C. Refrain.



Life ev - er - last - ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is wait - ing, He'll - ave you to - night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to His mercy, believe on His name, Mercy is boundless and free.



1. Is there an - y sad heart that is hea - vy - la - den? An - y one here?
 2. Is there an - y who thirsts for the liv - ing wat - er? An - y one here?
 3. Is there an - y would ask for a word of comfort? An - y one here?
 4. Is there an - y who longs to be own'd by Je - sus? An - y one here?



an - y one here? Is there an - y poor soul who would love the Saviour?
 an - y one here? Is there an - y who sighs for the crimson fountain?
 an - y one here? Is there an - y who feel that our pray'rs would cheer you?
 an - y one here? Is there an - y will say I believe this moment?

REFRAIN.



Come, and we will help you on your way.
 Come, and we will help you on your way. Just as you are the
 Come, and we will help you on your way.
 Come, and we will help you on your way.



Lord will save you, Come without de - lay; Is there an - y poor



soul who would follow Je - sus? Come, an wed will help you on your way.

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is

tar-ry so long? Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to
 fur-ther de-lay? There's no one to save you but
 striv-ing with-in? Oh, why not ac-cept His sal
 pass-ing a-way, Your Sav-iour is long-ing to

give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
 Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
 bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now,

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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ANNIE S. HAWK.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next the cross to bear?
 2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Fol - low His weary, bleeding feet?
 3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next to praise His name?
 4. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next the crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry'burden, Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransom'd, Singing up-on the other side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus?

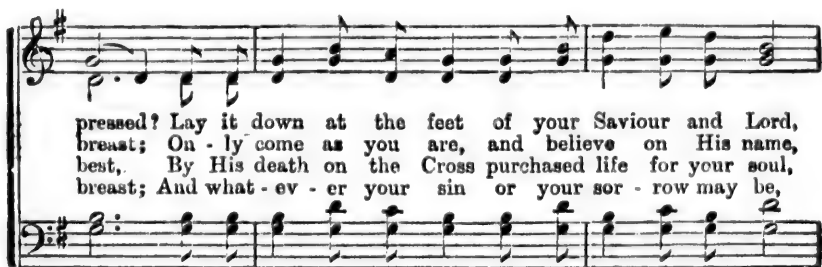
Who'll be the next to fol-low Je - sus now? Follow Je - sus now?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

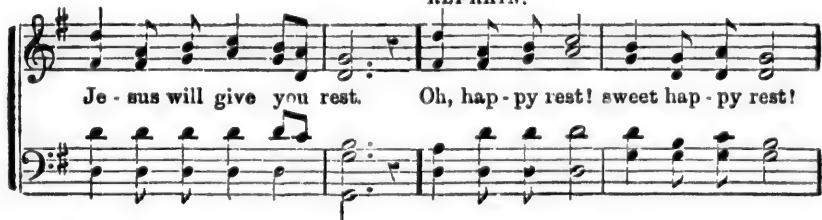


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching
 3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Jesus, who loves you
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His loving



pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,
 breast; On - ly come as you are, and believe on His name,
 best, By His death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,
 breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest! sweet hap - py rest!



Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
 happy rest,



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

By permission.

JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

J. M. WHITE.

J. M. WHITE, Arranged.



1. Why do you wait a con-ven-i-ent day? Je-sus is calling you
 2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Je-sus is calling you
 3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je-sus is calling you

now; Why do you turn from His pleadings a-way? Je-sus is
 now; Joys have de-part-ed and sor-row appears, Je-sus is
 now; What if the Spir-it left you to your fate? Je-sus is

call-ing you now. He stands at the door of your heart just now,
 call-ing you now. The promise you made Him was nev-er kept,
 call-ing you now. Es-cape for thy life, tar-ry not, O soul,

The dews of the morn-ing are on His brow; He is there
 When down by the grave-side you mourned and wept; Turn to Him
 Es-cape for thy life, you may miss the goal; And if you

waiting and call-ing you now; O will you not come to Him now?
 now and His free grace accept; O will you not come to Him now?
 miss it, what horrors, O soul! O will you not come to Him now?

By permission.

JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to Him now? Will you not trust in Him now?
Come to Him now, come, just now. right now?

Just now, right now, O hear Him, He's calling you now.
Come to Him now, trust in Him now.

80 YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

1. { Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee; }
 { No long - er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y. }
 2. { Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis Je - sus calls for thee: }
 { The Spir - it and the bride say, Come! Oh, now for re - fuge flee. }
 3. { Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis madness to de - lay: }
 { There are no pardons in the tomb, And brief is mercy's day. }

CHORUS.

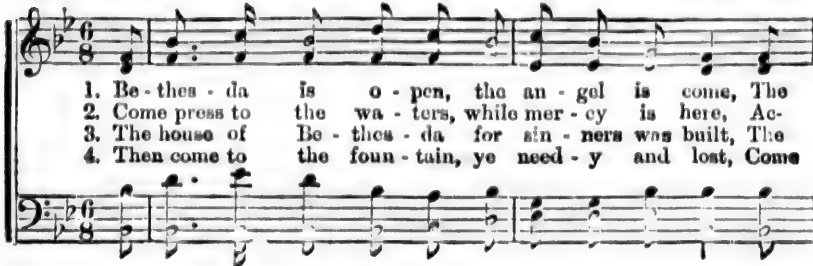
{ For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, . . . }
 { For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, . . . }

For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, }
 Or you can't go to heav - en when you die. }

BETHESDA IS OPEN.

REV. F. DENISON.

W. H. DEANE.



1. Be - thes - da is o - pen, the an - gel is come, The
 2. Come press to the wa - ters, while mer - cy is here, Ac -
 3. The house of Be - thes - da for sin - ners was built, The
 4. Then come to the foun - tain, ye need - y and lost, Come



Spir - it is call - ing for thee; The wa - ters are troubled, be -
 cept of a cleansing com - plete; O, hear the en - treat - y, dis -
 pool is a fountain of love; The wa - ters are troubled for
 now while the Saviour is nigh; This grace has been purchased at

D.S. The wa - ters are troubled, be -



hold, there is room; Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free.
 miss - ing your fear; Lo, judgment and mer - cy now meet.
 can - cell - ing guilt, And still for our heal - ing they move
 in - fi - nite cost, And they that re - ject it must die.

hold, there is room, Be - thes - da is o - pen for thee.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



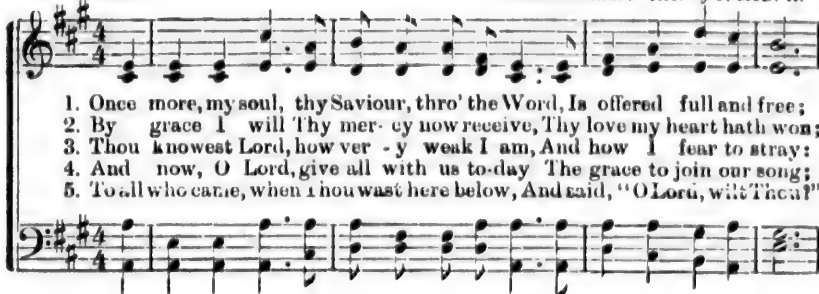
Salvation is free, Salvation is free, Salvation thro' Jesus is free,

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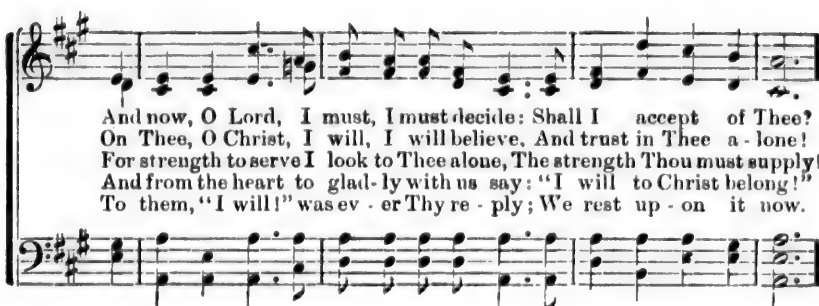
"I WILL!"

EL. NATHAN.

J. McGRANAHAN. Arr. by J. McD. K.



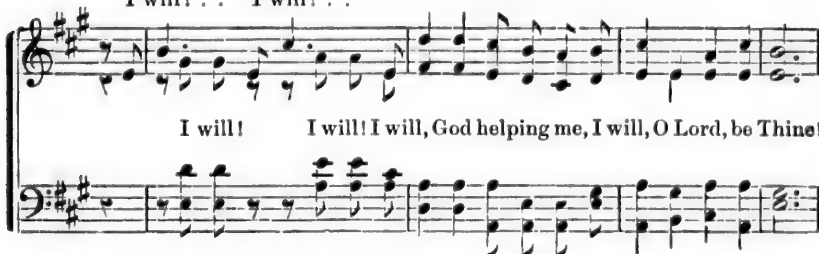
1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
 2. By grace I will Thy mer-cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
 3. Thou knowest Lord, how ver-y weak I am, And how I fear to stray:
 4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
 5. To all who came, when I thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"



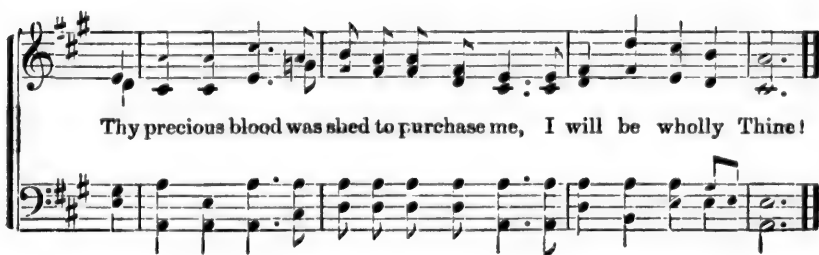
And now, O Lord, I must, I must decide: Shall I accept of Thee?
 On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe, And trust in Thee a-lone!
 For strength to serve I look to Thee alone, The strength Thou must supply!
 And from the heart to glad-ly with us say: "I will to Christ belong!"
 To them, "I will!" was ev-er Thy re-ply; We rest up-on it now.

CHORUS.

I will! . . . I will! . . .



I will! I will! I will, God helping me, I will, O Lord, be Thine!



Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me, I will be wholly Thine!

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. Why do you linger in darkness so long? Je-sus is waiting to save!
 2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save!
 3. Time will not li-ger, how soon we must go! Je-sus is waiting to save!
 4. Je-sus is call-ing, "Oh, come unto me!" Je-sus is waiting to save!
 5. While we are praying, oh, stay not a-way! Je-sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!



Have you not friends in the heav-en-ly throng? Jesus is waiting to save!
 An-gels are longing to tell the glad news, Jesus is waiting to save!
 Why turn away, and to Je-sus say no? Jesus is waiting to save!
 Par-don is purchased, salva-tion is free; Jesus is waiting to save!
 Come to him now, not a moment de-lay; Jesus is waiting to save!
 save you now!

CHORUS.



Come to him now, come to him now, Je-sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!



Come to him now, come to him now, Je-sus is waiting to save!
 save you now

By permission.

COME AWAY TO JESUS NOW.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luctant feet, Just on the verge of this rest so sweet?
 2. The Spi-rit strives and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss and the glory-land,
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth-er shore, With unseen hands seem to beckon o'er,
 4. The touch of death is upon your frame, The marble's ab-noon will bear your name,

While God invites and your stars will greet, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
 Re-treat is death in the shad-ing sand, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
 Their voi-ces hush-ed, yet they still im-plore, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
 Lest you should suf-fer e-ter-nal shame, Come a-way to Je-sus now.

CHORUS.

Come a-way Come a-way to Je-sus, Come a-
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,

way Come a-way to Je-sus, Come a-way to
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way to

Je-sus, Come a-way to Je-sus now.
 Je-sus, come a-way,

"Songs of Calvary." By permission.

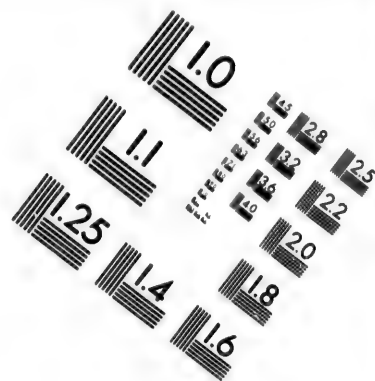
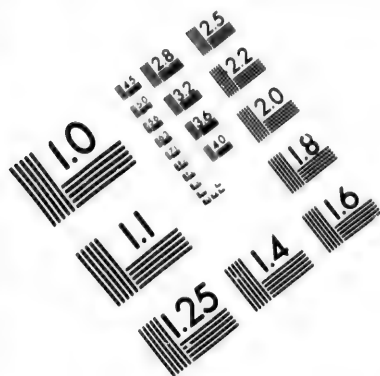
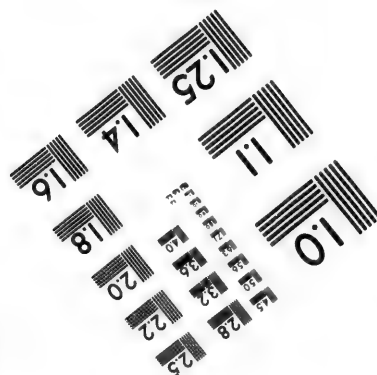
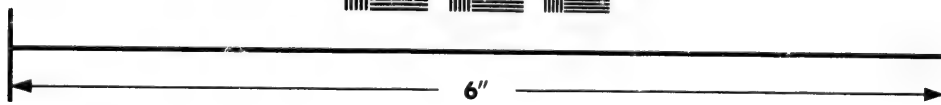
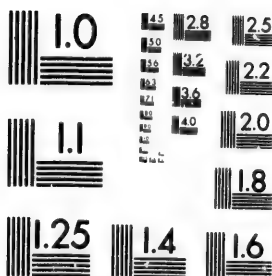


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10

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour Whose mer - ci - ful call Freely of - fers sal -
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpow'rd by your sin, While the waters are
 4. Blessed Saviour, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul healing

wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the sufferer Who
 va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
 troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-iour stands waiting To
 pow - er On us now be outpoured: Wash away ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin - taint - ed soul, And lov - ing - ly a - king, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest - ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per - fect con - trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? Oh, come, wea - ry

suff'rer, Oh, come, sin - sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See, the

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?—*Concluded.*

cleansing waves roll: Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

By permission.

86

HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me; When on the cross He
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; Oh, praise His name, I
3. With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting Him I
4. To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To Him my heart looks

CHORUS.

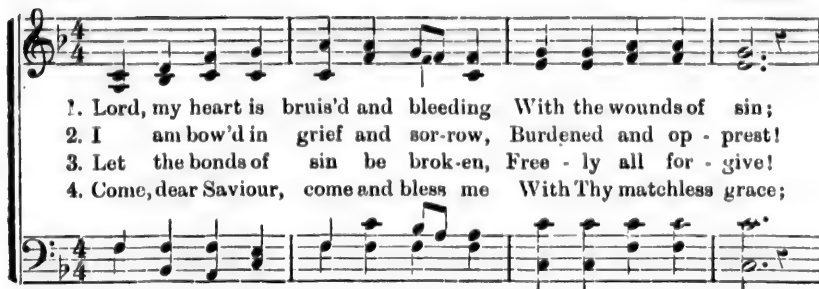
bled and died, He came to save me.
know it well, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad.
fear no ill, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
up and sings, He came to save me.

1st time. *2nd time.*
I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free,
I'm so glad that Je - sus came, He came to save me.

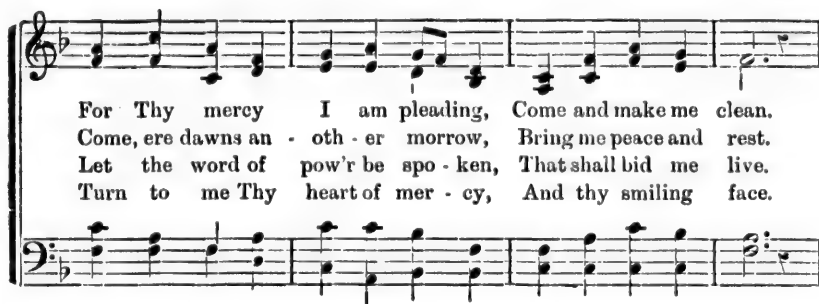
Copyright, 1885, by W. J. K. By permission.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Lord, my heart is bruise'd and bleeding With the wounds of sin;
 2. I am bow'd in grief and sor-row, Burdened and op - prest!
 3. Let the bonds of sin be brok-en, Free - ly all for - give!
 4. Come, dear Saviour, come and bless me With Thy matchless grace;

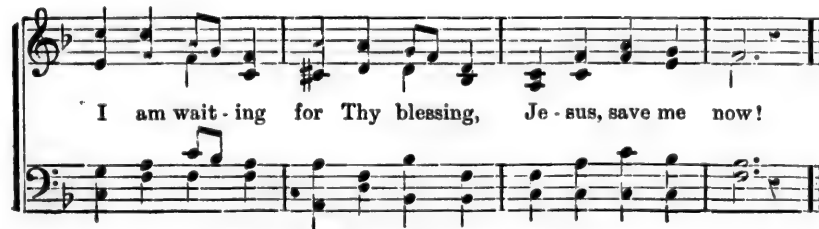


For Thy mercy I am pleading, Come and make me clean.
 Come, ere dawns an - oth - er morrow, Bring me peace and rest.
 Let the word of pow'r be spo - ken, That shall bid me live.
 Turn to me Thy heart of mer - cy, And thy smiling face.

CHORUS.



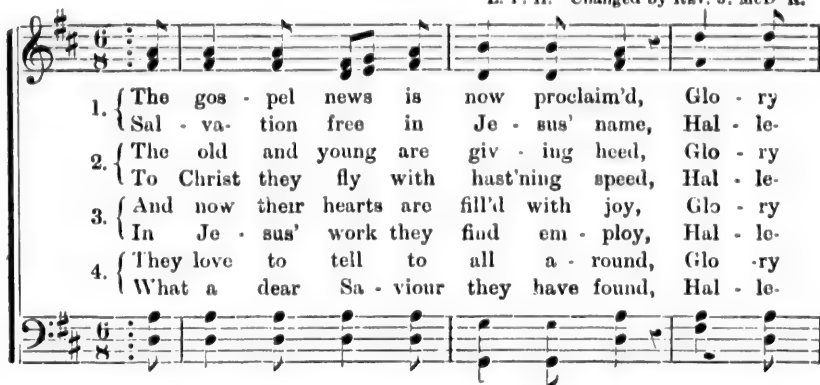
All my guilt and sin con-fess - ing, At thy feet I bow;



I am wait - ing for Thy blessing, Je - sus, save me now!

THE BLEEDING LAMB.

E. P. H. Changed by Rev. J. McD R.



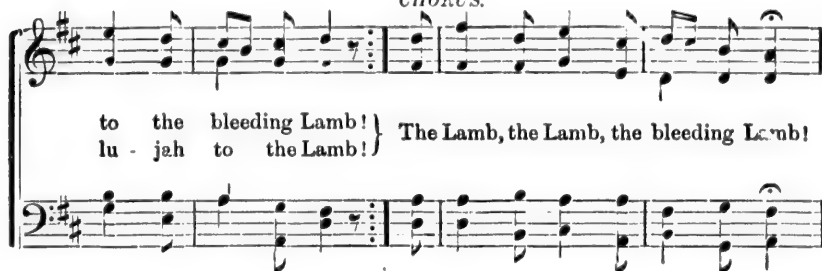
1. { The gos - pel news is now proclaim'd, Glo - ry
Sal - va - tion free in Je - sus' name, Hal - le -

2. { The old and young are giv - ing heed, Glo - ry
To Christ they fly with hast'ning speed, Hal - le -

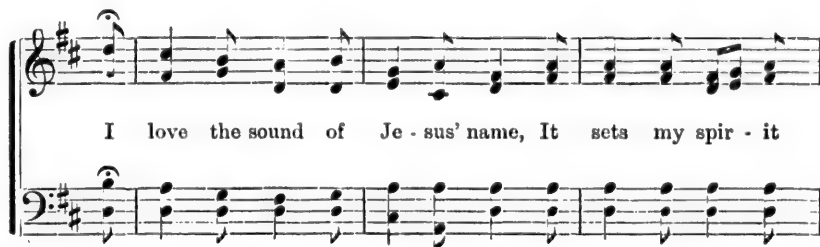
3. { And now their hearts are fill'd with joy, Glo - ry
In Je - sus' work they find em - ploy, Hal - le -

4. { They love to tell to all a - round, Glo - ry
What a dear Sa - viour they have found, Hal - le -

CHORUS.



to the bleeding Lamb! } The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!
lu - jah to the Lamb! }

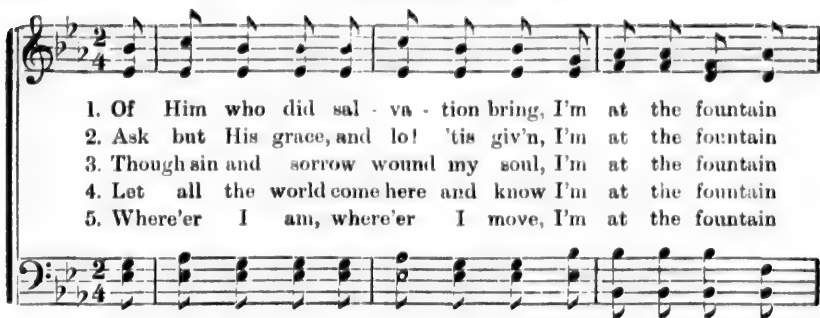


I love the sound of Je - sus' name, It sets my spir - it

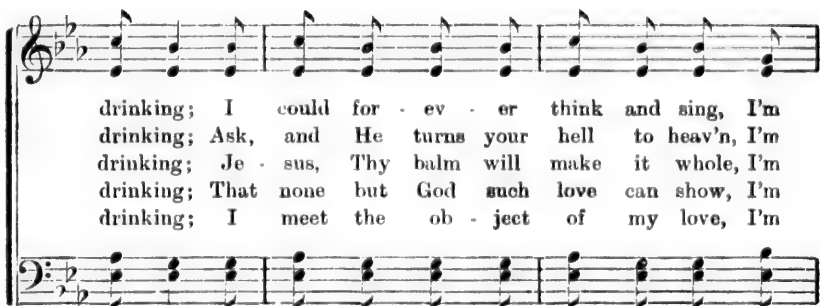


all a - flame; Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

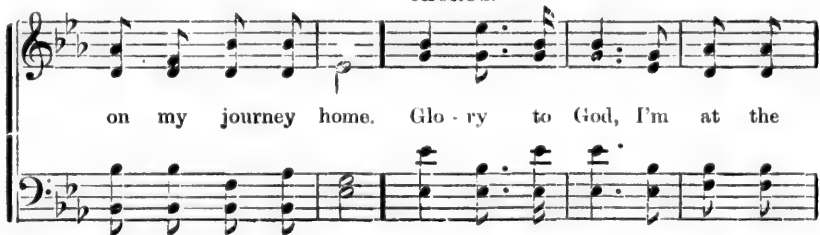


1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain
 2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain
 3. Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain
 4. Let all the world come here and know I'm at the fountain
 5. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain



drinking; I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm
 drinking; Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm
 drinking; Je - sus, Thy balm will make it whole, I'm
 drinking; That none but God such love can show, I'm
 drinking; I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm

CHORUS.



on my journey home. Glo - ry to God, I'm at the



fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin; Je - sus so
 3. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Hum-ble your

cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the
 sweet-ly a-bides with-in, Saves me each mo-ment, and
 soul at the Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day and be

D.S.—Now to my heart is the

Fine. CHORUS.

blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name!
 keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His
 made com-plete, Glo-ry to His name!

blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name!

D.S.

name! . . . Glo-ry to His name!

HALLELUJAH! I AM FREE.

REV. B. C. OYLER.

1. Now the chains of sin are brok-en, I am free, I'm free;
 Christ the word of pow'r has spok-en, Un-to me, to me.
 2. Soon as I by faith received Him, Fled the night, thenight;
 In the moment I believed Him, Came the light, the light;
 3. All the fetters that oppressed me, Now are riv'n, are riv'n;
 With His precious love He bless'd me, This to me is heav'n.
 4. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry Of His grace and love;
 He has fill'd my soul with glo-ry, Praise the Lord a-bove!

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus died for
 me; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! I am free, I'm free.

By permission.

GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song;
 2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of re-deem-ing love;
 3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold;
 4. There we'll shout re-deem-ing mer-cy in a glad, new song;

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as
 Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its
 Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His
 Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of

GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!—Concluded.

ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 pinions to the hills a - bove: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 Jesus with the blood - wash'd throng: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Oh, the children of the Lord have a right to shout

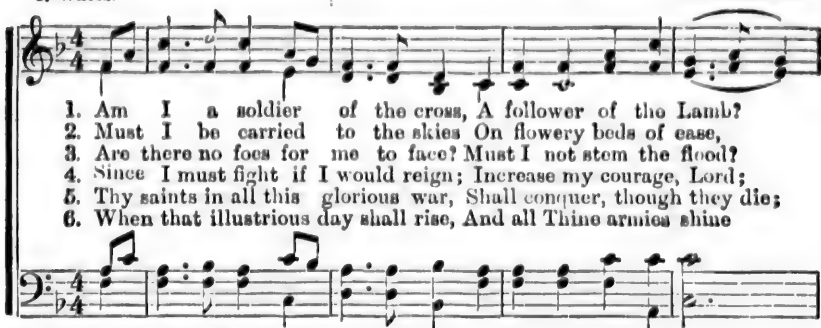
and sing. For the way is growing bright, and our souls are

on the wing; We are go - ing by - and - by to the

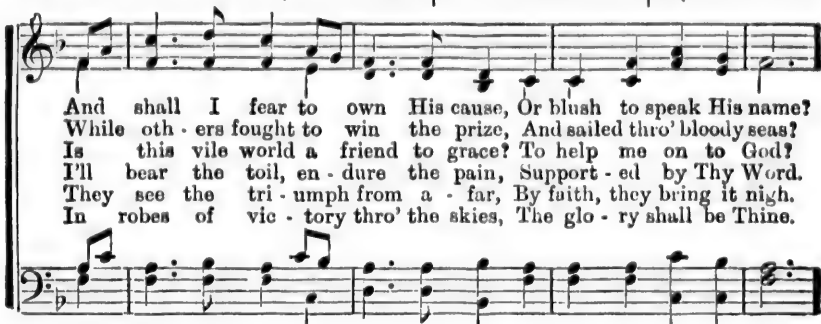
pal - ace of the King! Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

I. WATTS.

M. J. MAXWELL.

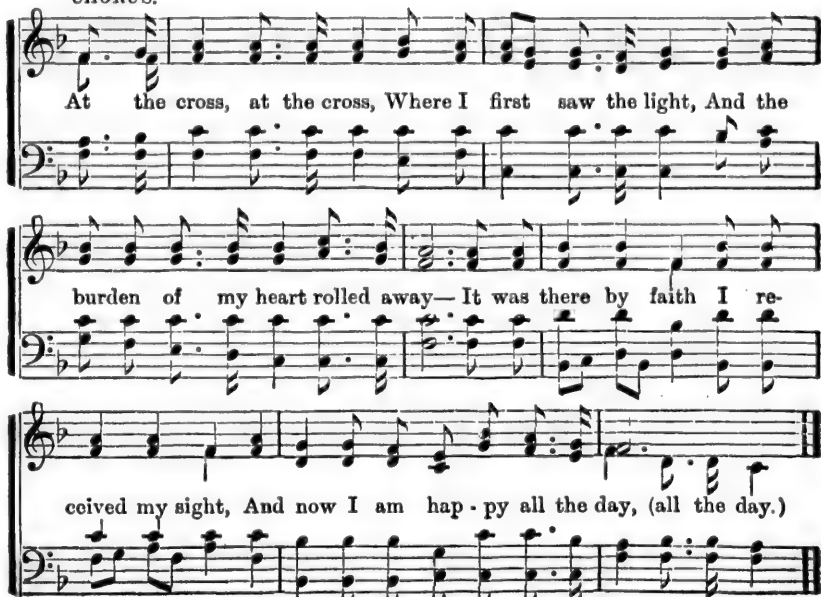


1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
 5. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die;
 6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace? To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support - ed by Thy Word.
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith, they bring it nigh.
 In robes of vic - tory thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

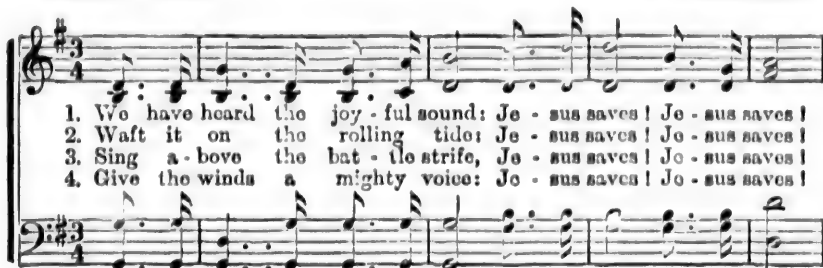
CHORUS.



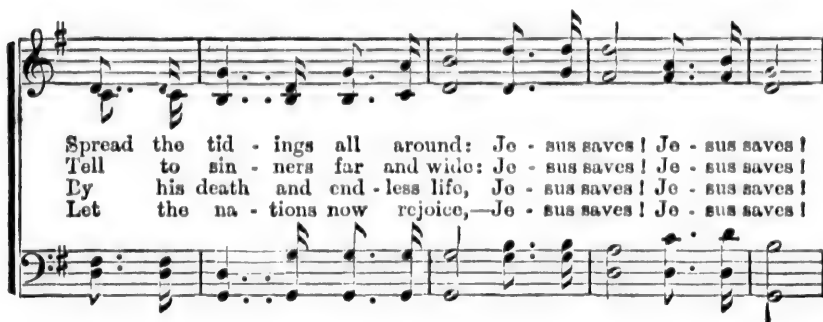
At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the
 burden of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith I re-
 ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day, (all the day.)

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

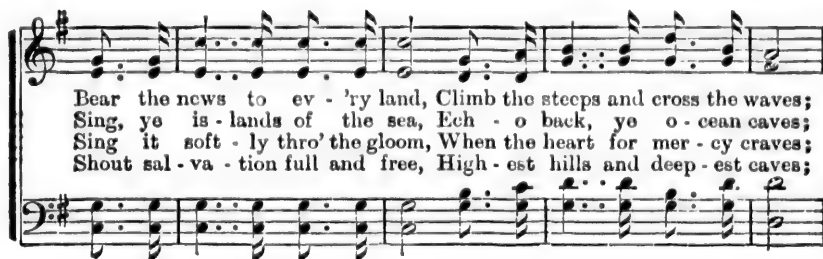
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the rolling tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a mighty voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the tid - ings all around: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now rejoice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



Onward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

By permission.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

JAS. L. FLOINBURG.



1. I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and t'ny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary, Cheerless tho' my path may be,
4. Tho' I meet with trib-u-la-tions, Sore-ly tempted tho' I be,



Where Thou go-est I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll follow Thee.
 Thou hast trod this way before me, And I glad - ly follow Thee.
 If Thy voice I hear before me, Fearlessly I'll follow Thee.
 I re-mem-ber Thou wast tempted, And rejoice to follow Thee.



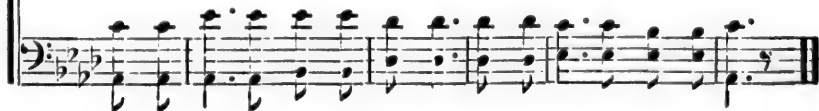
CHORUS.



I will fol-low Thee, my Saviour; Thou did'st shed Thy blood for me;



And, tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.



H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
 2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea-billows, roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to
 surance control, That Christ hath regard - ed my helpless es -
 part, but the whole—Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.
 It is well. . . .

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul.
 scend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

. with my soul

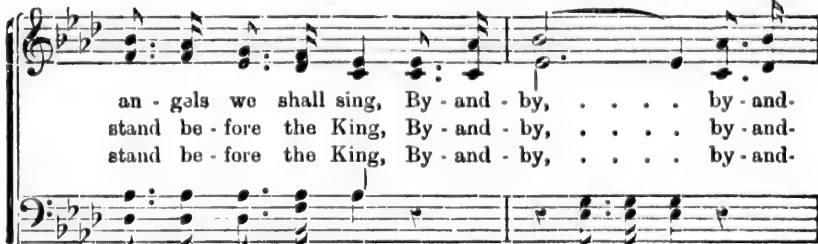
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.




1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the
 2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall
 3. Wake, my soul, thy tri - bute bring, Thou shalt




an - gels we shall sing, By - and - by, by - and -
 stand be - fore the King, By - and - by, by - and -
 stand be - fore the King, By - and - by, by - and -

By - and - by,



by. Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing
 by. 'There our sor - rows will be o'er, There His
 by. Lay thy tro - phies at His feet, In His

By - and - by.



Him for ev - er - more, By - and - by, . . . by - and - by.
 name we will a - dore, By - and - by, . . . by - and - by.
 likeness stand complete, By - and - by, . . . by - and - by.

By - and - by, by - and - by.


WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.



We shall stand . . . be - fore the King, With the

We shall stand be - fore the King.



an - gels we shall sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le -



lu jah, hal - le - lu . . . jah, We shall

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,



stand be - fore the King.

We shall stand
By permission.

GLORY, HALLELUJAH!*

REV. D. WILLIAMS.

1. On the moun - tain of vis - ion, what a glo - ry we
 2. For the glo - ry of the Mas - ter, Wes - ley taught beyond
 3. From the cab - in on the prai - rie, from the vaulted ci -
 4. A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years
 5. And when the war is o - ver, with the saints for - ev -

be - hold! A hun - dred years of vic - to - ry are
 the sea, And preach'd the great sal - va - tion which de -
 ty dome, From the dark and bri - ny o - cean, where our
 of song, The Con - quer - or ad - van - ces, and the
 er - more, On the bliss - ful heights of Glo - ry we will

tingeing earth with gold; And the glorious time is coming which the
 liv - ers you and me; And a million voi - ces shout it—"Re -
 sail - or brothers roam, We hear the glad re - joic - ing, like a
 time will not be long, When He shall claim the heathen and
 shout the bat - tle o'er, And in the Gold - en Ci - ty we will

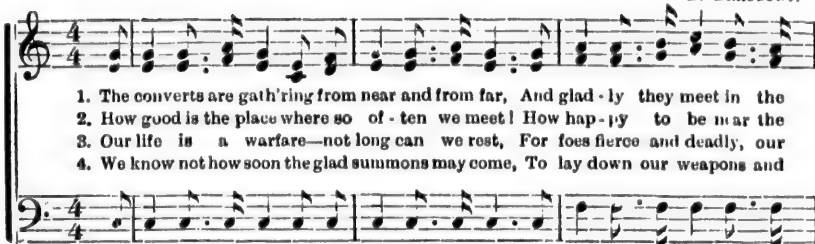
proph - ets long foretold, The Truth is marching on.
 demp - tion's full and free," Sal - va - tion's roll - ing on.
 hap - py har - vest - home, Sal - va - tion's roll - ing on.
 o - ver - throw the wrong, Our God is marching on.
 join the Con - quer - or, For - ev - er marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

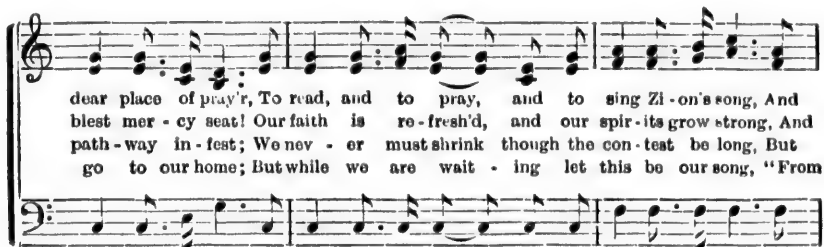
* The Chorus, "GLORY, HALLELUJAH," is so familiar, that the music need not be repeated.

MARCHING ALONG.

W. B. BRADBURY.

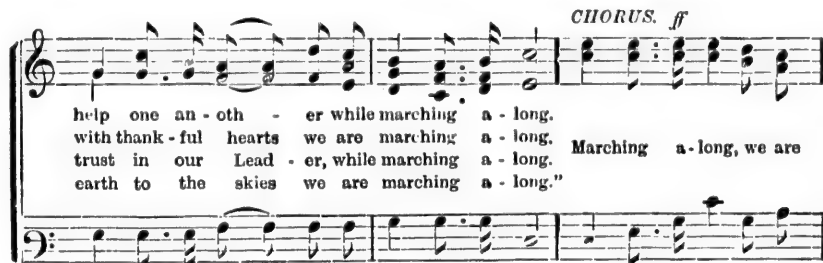


1. The converts are gath'ring from near and from far, And glad-ly they meet in the
 2. How good is the place where so of-ten we meet! How hap-py to be near the
 3. Our life is a warfare—not long can we rest, For foes fierce and deadly, our
 4. We know not how soon the glad summons may come, To lay down our weapons and



dear place of pray'r, To read, and to pray, and to sing Zi-on's song, And
 blest mer-cy seat! Our faith is re-fresh'd, and our spir-its grow strong, And
 path-way in-fest; We nev-er must shrink though the con-test be long, But
 go to our home; But while we are wait-ing let this be our song, "From

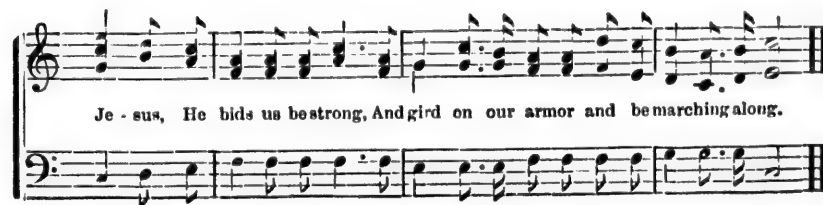
CHORUS. ff



help one an-oth-er while marching a-long.
 with thank-ful hearts we are marching a-long. Marching a-long, we are
 trust in our Lead-er, while marching a-long.
 earth to the skies we are marching a-long."



marching along, Gird on the armor and be marching a-long! Our lead-er is



Je-sus, He bids us be strong, And gird on our armor and be marching along.

Arr. by J. McD. K.

DUANE STREET. L.M.

1. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below;
2. Praise God for what He's done for me, Once I was blind, but now I see;

Praise Him a - bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I could not praise the Lord be- fore, But now I'll praise Him evermore.

CHORUS.

Above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

Above the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus hath done all things well.

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Once more, my soul, thy Saviour ..	62	When times of temptation bring ..	6
On the mountain of vision	98	Where he leads we will follow	64
Our sins on Christ were laid	62	While we bow in thy name	5
Out on the desert, looking, looking.	70	Whoever receiveth the Crucified ..	53
		Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? ..	77
Praise God, from whom all	100	Why don't you come to Jesus?	23
Precious Saviour, thou hast saved ..	28	Why do you linger?	83
		Why do you wait a convenient day? ..	79
Redeemed, how I love to proclaim ..	10	Why do you wait, dear brother? ..	76
Return, O wanderer, to thy home ..	80	Will you be washed in the blood? ..	38
		Will you come, will you come? ..	78
Satisfied	14	Wilt thou be made whole?	85
Saved to the uttermost	41		
Say, are you ready?	66	Yes, there is pardon for you	72
See the gentle Shepherd standing ..	64	Ye who know your sins forgiven ..	2
Should the Death angel knock	66	You must be a lover of the Lord ..	80

